







GOPURA OF HINDOO TEMPLE, SOUTHERN INDIA.

NOTES
OF A
TRIP AROUND THE WORLD
IN
1894 AND 1895.

BY
CHARLES PARSONS
OF
ST. LOUIS.

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DEDICATED TO THE
MISSOURI COMMANDERY OF THE MILITARY ORDER
—OF THE—
LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES

WITHOUT WHOSE SERVICES, SUPPORTED BY THEIR FELLOW
OFFICERS AND THE GRAND ARMY OF UNION SOLDIERS,
THROUGH FOUR YEARS OF BLOODY STRIFE,
WE WOULD NOT NOW HAVE A NATIONAL
EXISTENCE OR SEE THE BANNER OF
THE UNION FLOATING ON LAND
AND SEA TO PROTECT US
ON OUR TRAVELS.

BY COMPANION
CHARLES PARSONS,

Bvt. Lt. Col. U. S. A.

I COMMENCED to write these notes to while away the idle hours on board ship, and without a thought of ever printing them: nor should I do so now except for the urgent solicitation of one of my most intimate and valued companions. He thought they would be read with interest by my friends, and it is only for such they are intended. I hope he will not be found to have erred. They are not written for the general public or for sale.

I am indebted to my nephew, Charles Parsons Pettus, for many of the photographs from which the engravings in the book are copied.

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Notes of a Trip Around the World

I.

We left San Francisco on the Steamer *Belgie*, Captain Walker, at three o'clock in the afternoon of November 15th, 1894, slowly crawled away from the dock and moved down the harbor by the city, the forts and light house, and finally out of the so-called Golden Gate, leaving soon the rocks on which the sea lions disport themselves, Suto's Garden and all America behind; we passed the Farrel-lone Islands, which, thirty miles out, serve the purpose of supporting a light house, and are generally the first intimation of America to the Asiatic mariner. But soon we found that the ship was not as stable as the land, and that night was very uncomfortable to us fresh-water voyagers, but when morning dawned we found things a little easier and soon got our sea legs on and during the remainder of the voyage of eighteen days and over, (counting one as lost in our crossing the 180th meridian) we

were all ready for our three daily meals as our colored American steward served them up for us.

Soon after noon on the 3rd day of December, we saw, looming up high in the air in the distance, more than a hundred miles away, the silvery cone of the sacred mountain, Fujiyama; it seemed to us at first a shining cloud, so bright and white was it away off in the sky.

I can readily see why the Japanese so love the view of this mountain, rising as it does almost directly from the sea, its 12,375 feet visible to millions of the people; first in the morning sun and reflecting its lovely pink rays at night as they see its last and highest point fade away from view with the declining day, it is something to love if not worship.

We slowly neared the land, passed Cape King and so on; entering the Bay of Yeddo, passed up until the captain deemed it unsafe to go further, as we had no notice of the removal of the torpedoes from the harbor. Very early in the morning, however, we raised our anchor and soon dropped it again in the harbor of Yokohama. I found, since I was here, a long sea-wall had been built to ward off the waves which roll into the small bay from the larger bay of Yeddo, and a very pleasant thing it is to the persons wanting to board a steamer



500. FESTIVAL LANTERNS, BENTENDORI YOKOHAMA

LANTERN FESTIVAL, YOKOHAMA.

in a rough day. We found the air crisp and cool, but not uncomfortable, just sharp enough to give a zest to appetite and to make exercise desirable and pleasant.

We passed the site of my old hotel, the International, where I stopped in 1876, and which had been burned down, and went to the Grand, which is very much enlarged since I was there, and is one of the finest and most comfortable hotels in the East—I think the best. It is, like a large part of all business enterprises in the East, in the hands of a company of limited liability. It is under the management of Mr. Louis Eppinger, one of the children of Israel who wandered off here from Greenville, Mississippi. He apparently takes great delight in his vocation, has good cooks and waiters and is omnipresent to see that they do their duty; is constantly up from six o'clock in the morning until the lone hours, and makes a pleasant home for the traveller.

I was surprised to see how much the town had grown in nineteen years, the streets have extended very greatly, and much land that was fields in cultivation in 1876 is now covered with houses: the whole country has increased more than twenty per cent—many millions of people—and, considering the smallness of the territory, it is wonderful how

they all live; it is only from the simplicity of their tastes and the fact that they eat no meat; rice, fish and vegetables satisfy them, with the always to be seen tea-pot and pipe.

Think of 40,000,000 of people with only 143,000 square miles of territory, and one-third of that mountain or water. It must be borne in mind that the ocean contributes very largely to their food supply; fish is a very great item, and they consume much edible seaweed. It is to be hoped they will never get to want the various things which make up our list of life's necessities—they can not afford them.

Almost all the Americans who were here in 1876 are gone: I found only Dr. Stuart Eldridge and Mr. Hepburn; many have gone home; some are dead. We were pleasantly entertained by Dr. E. and his charming wife and daughters, the latter now grown to womanhood. Gen. Grant made but one unofficial visit in Japan and that was on Dr. Eldridge, who was for a little while, a surgeon officer under his direct command in the war in the West. The crowd that surrounded his house, while the General was there, was remarkable. The servants approached him crouching as they did to the Mikado and great Daimios in olden times. Dr. E. says the poor and the rich,



IN JINRIKSHAS.

the noble and the peasant alike paid tribute to the great American who had commanded more actual soldiers, fit for war, and in the field, than any ancient or modern warrior, for the tales of the millions of Xerxes and other ancients are as mythical as the stories of the Norse gods. No armies like their alleged ones could have lived a week in the countries they were in for want of food. The General lived in a palace and was provided with everything that he could desire while there—no prince visiting Japan ever had such great honors paid him as those thus tendered our ex-President. This was very agreeable, but it is very unpleasant for us to see so few of our country's flags floating in the breeze at the mast-heads of ships in the East: in old times before the war, the commerce of the East was carried to and from the shores in American vessels, and the clipper ships from Boston, Salem, Baltimore and other American ports were seen on every sea, but the war commenced the change, and the abandonment of wooden for iron ships, in which, for so many years, England has been the cheaper market for construction, with the cheapened cost of running steam vessels has almost destroyed our foreign shipping trade. Besides we have to compete with ships heavily subsidised by European Governments, English,

French, Germans and Austrians pay much greater sums for mail carriage than we; it is impossible to conduct a business in competition with other nations, thus handicapped: surely we can afford to build up our commerce by as liberal appropriations as other nations make to their merchant marine. England grows rich on what we thus throw away.

I paid a visit to Tokyo and saw Mr. Dun, our minister, he was here in 1876, up at Hokaido, trying to teach the Japanese agriculture according to American methods—about as silly an effort as possible. Hand labor being so cheap, say for 6 or 8 cents a day, and rice the greatest crop, with many of the plats of ground twenty feet square, it was a waste of time and money; to be the minister of the United States pays better and is more agreeable. I was rather surprised that Mr. Dun was in favor of the new treaties recently made with Japan, by terms of which the Consular Courts will be abolished, and Americans and other foreigners will be tried before Japanese judges in their courts. Most of the European residents are opposed to it, and think a foreigner will not get justice if his opponent is a native. I found great opposition to it with them all, save Messrs. Dun and Jaudon, both of whom have native wives, and



VILLAGE OF GIEKEN AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE, 1891.

each a daughter. Mr. Jaudon was also here in 1876, in the Japanese State Department as he is now, and is still living at Tokyo. I asked him if he liked the country, "Yes," he said, "except the earthquakes and the typhoons, these are very unpleasant." His father was the cashier of the old United States Bank in the days of Nick Biddle.

On Sunday, the 9th, we attended a great festival given at Tokyo in Ueno Park, in celebration of the victories over the Chinese. I think it was also in part to keep up the war feeling, and, also to raise money for hospital use. There were some 50,000 nice lunches prepared and given to each person who had a ticket and asked for it, the tickets costing half a yen (50 cents in silver). They were wonderfully nice and neatly put up, consisting of rice, fish, daikon (a sort of radish) and an appetizing sauce. No people but the Hollanders are as neat in their houses as these. Their floors, when of wood, are clean and shining, and equally neat when of matting, their dishes are the same. These lunches were put up in new little pine boxes, just as clean as if freshly sawed from the tree; one might have eaten from the cover as well as from a plate. There was also given a pint bottle of sake.

The entertainments consisted, first, of a grand reception and speeches to the Prince Imperial; we waited in front of the building made for this function awhile and finally tired out, went to the fine restaurant on the hill above. Soon a grand mass for the souls of the dead was performed near there, in the open air by a vast number of Buddhist priests, all in gorgeous silk robes; then there were wrestling matches, singing parties in the old manner and dress, and dancing; there were also native fire works for the day time, making fantastic smoke figures in the air when they broke; then in the evening there were other fireworks and an attack on two Chinese ships prepared for the occasion and lying in a very large pond in front. Of course, they were easily captured, the Chinese flag pulled down and their own raised, after which, the ship went up in a blaze of supposed glory with a grand explosion.

It was estimated that not less than 150,000 people were there and I do not doubt it. After the last act they all went home without noise, drunkenness or fighting. Their sake (rice brandy) is not very intoxicating. I do not know of any so-called civilized people where such a crowd could have spent a day with such fine order. I heard some pickpockets were arrested but saw nothing disagreeable.

Speaking of sake, it tastes just about as bad as whisky, though far less pungent; it takes a great deal to produce intoxication and is almost like water in color, is cheap, and is generally drunk warm.

On the next morning we went off early to Nikko, ninety miles, by rail. This is the celebrated place where are buried two of the greatest Shoguns or Tycoons as we call them—Ieyasu and Iemitsu. Our route was up into the mountains, and we passed through many wheat patches and rice fields; the latter was all gathered and the former looked green and flourishing. They stack the rice on poles in small quantities, a regular miniature stack, and it stands nicely in waiting for the threshing and hulling. We crossed the Imaichi road, a continuation of the great Tokaido, with its grand cryptomeria trees, some of them many centuries old. The Tokaido is a grand capital road, and runs some hundreds of miles away to Kyoto, and is the only real road in Japan, others are mere narrow paths from four to six feet wide. Land is too valuable to waste in unnecessary roads.

We had a great rain at Nikko, where we arrived about two o'clock in the afternoon, and were glad to get into covered jinrikishas and ride

to the Kanaya Hotel, a very pleasant place, well kept, where we had good fare, nice rooms with fires and the funniest foot warming jugs with four little bits of feet each, to go to sleep with, they were very comfortable up there in the mountains, we also found good coffee, pure water and nice wine—we blessed the proprietor. At one side is a genuine Japanese part of the establishment, quite differently arranged from our European part; our guide had a room there. Our rooms were beautifully located, looking out on a roaring mountain stream below, and to the snow covered peaks that towered above us, also overlooking the sacred bridge, over which no one goes but the Mikado. He directed that it be opened for General Grant, but the General declined to have the rule broken in his behalf, and went by the common bridge. How it did pour that night and the next morning! We went out after lunch into the shops, it is as well provided with these as our Saratoga, they sell many sorts of curios, skins of various animals, etc. We got a fine and very large black bear skin and a very curiously colored rabbit skin. They are not very dear there if one bargains well, but the bargaining is the great trouble in Japan, China and all through the East. Unless one has plenty of time and is well posted he is



A JAPANESE FRUIT SHOP.

sure to pay too much, almost all tourists pay much more than a fair price. The foreign dealers who have their agents there buy from 25 to 50 per cent less than the traveler, but if you see something you like, you are apt to be willingly swindled. A number of the most important dealers at Tokyo signed and published an agreement to adhere to one price, yet I purchased of two of them goods at a discount of near forty per cent. from the price demanded, and I presume even then I paid too much. In another case when we were at Nagasaki a fellow traveller offered \$30 for some articles of tortoise shell work that they wanted \$45 for. The man refused, I told him to leave the shop and go off to the ship: he did so and just before we were ready to sail the fellow came rushing on board to take the offer. It is very important to take good advice in the purchase of Japanese curios, the great majority of goods offered are not of a sort that one wants, and the lots of such goods generally brought to our interior cities are made to sell cheap and most of them are of no artistic value. Really good things are rare and cannot be had without the exercise of good judgment and paying well for them. In the morning we started out in the rain in jinrikishas to see the temples and tombs.

They are placed on the mountain side among the ancient forests and are gorgeous in old Japanese ornament. They are the very finest specimens of old sacred architecture and decoration in the land. There are great flights of stone steps leading up to temples and tombs, and much expensive old bronze work. We had a sacred Shinto dance by a priestess for 30 cents. It was not long, but long enough, it was only posturing and walking around with a very poor accompaniment of pretended music, made by some attending priests or assistants. The greatest attraction here is the scenery, and old Ieyasu showed his wisdom in choosing such a very romantic place for his grave. Great sums have been spent in making the temples. There are Buddhist and Shinto temples both here. The present Mikado is a Shintoist as I suppose were all his ancestors, for they came from the sun goddess thousands of years ago, but both worships are equally protected. I see little devotion in the Shinto faith, there is much more in Buddhism. Almost all the forms peculiar to the latter worship, such as ringing of bells, bowing to the Altar, gorgeous priestly vestments, use of prayer beads, incense, masses, monasteries, nunneries, shaven heads, vigils, wayside shrines, saintly and priestly intercession, etc., are similar to those used by



4. KATO TRAVELLING OVER HAYASHI FORD

KATO TRAVELLING ON THE TOKAIDO.

Catholics, who may have inherited them from the Buddhists of India, as Buddha was the predecessor of Christ 638 years. St. Francis Xavier, it is reported, when he first visited Japan to introduce Christianity was so struck by this similarity that he imagined the devil had taught the Buddhists these forms to prevent their becoming Christians. I cannot attempt a description of these temples, their wonderful wood, bronze, gold and lacquer work, the beautiful paneled ceilings, the splendid columns, the gateway buildings rich with ornament, the great stone fountains made from a single block of granite, the great images, like the Gog and Magog in the London Guildhall, at the entrance gates, the bronze lanterns, the curious robes and other things shown among their treasures in the museum, the great stone stairway leading up high to the tombs, up which I could not have gone without aid, so long and steep were they. Nothing like this exists or ever will exist. The temples of Shiba in Tokyo are the next finest and of somewhat similar style but nothing like so extensive or fine. Not that I have not seen architectural works more classic, in more perfect accord with our taste and more costly, but then it was not Japanese, it was such as I am educated to see; this is original, new, strange, peculiar, and therefore

interesting, more especially for its manner and also as showing great ability and taste. It is something worth seeing; I hope these people will never become Europeanized. I want them to adhere to their own artistic original ideas and taste, their old work and much of their modern, when they remain faithful to their own ways, is marvelous in style and execution. The sky cleared up before we finished our inspection and the sun came out bright and gave us beautiful views of the high, snow-clad peaks towering above us.

But we must leave. It would have been very pleasant to go over to Lake Chuzenji, but we had not the time and at 2:30 p. m. were again on the train for Tokyo, leaving this beautiful lake for another voyage, or perhaps forever unseen by us. At 9 o'clock we were once more in the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo. This is a fine edifice of most grand size and imposing in style, and is said to be owned in part by the government or the emperor; it is also well kept. In 1876 there was no hotel here kept in European style, nor could one stay here over night unless in his minister's premises. Then, too, the public as well as private buildings were all of wood. Now there are grand brick edifices for the war, navy, state and other departments of the government, all built in good style, as also fine

brick houses for the heads of the departments to reside in, as well as large and suitable buildings for the Parliament. Then there was no legislative body, but all power was vested in the Mikado, and his decrees were law. He has voluntarily surrendered much of his power and may have trouble to keep what he has. There is a party that desires more radical steps towards an unrestrained government, and he may have to resort to strong measures. I think he has gone quite far enough, in the direction of freedom.

We saw many new soldiers drilling at Tokyo and afterwards at Nagoya and Osaka; all seemed strong, vigorous young men, drilled well and acted as if they were proud of the vocation. At Osaka they had a cavalry regiment; the horses were their small ponies, very tough, capable of living on poor food and standing rough usage. We visited the school of Mr. Isobey, a graduate of the Imperial University, as we had a letter to him. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning. He took us into two rooms where young men and boys from 14 to 16 were reciting. In one room they were reading American History and the precise point of reading was Hull's surrender of Detroit to the English—curious coincidence. He gave us coffee and we then went to the university

and made an appointment with Professor Divers, an Englishman, whom we met again at 2:30 p. m. and were kindly shown through all the great buildings by him. There are Chemical, Philosophical, Civil Engineering, Mechanical, etc., etc., besides a fine library in which is also a large hall for students to sit and read in as well as for meetings, there were some forty or more young men reading there.

They make their own engines for use about the place, have beautiful models of steamships, merchant and war, and can build both well. All these buildings (save one) were of their own erection and they would do credit to any country. I cannot see why they need much more aid from Europeans in their schools or colleges. They are certainly capable of taking care of themselves against any but European nations of the first class or ourselves. Tokyo is a great city with a population of 1,200,000, and worth a month's time for the traveller who has leisure. We were sorry we did not have time to accept some invitations we received.



FUJIYAMA.

II.

We left Tokyo next morning, I for Yokohama and the boys for Myenoshita and Hakone, where they spent the night, returning next evening. On the 18th we went off on the early train for Nagoya, running along near the sea through rice fields and for a very long time under the shadow of Fujiyami. The Japs sing of this mountain in poetic lays, write prose about it, paint it on their Kake-monos and Makemonos, fix it with never-ending skill and patience in their gold lacquer work and finally make it lasting in bronze and silver. We rode on and on all day along the coast, sometimes crossing large bays on embankments or trestles, and arrived at Nagoya at an early hour in the evening, passing as we came into town a cotton factory where they were all at work by artificial light—no eight-hour law there. Our hotel was comfortable as to rooms, but a poor table.

It was kept by a native, during dinner we heard the rats holding carnival over our heads in anticipation, I suppose, of what might be left, or else through intoxication from the odor of our food, but they did not intrude on our sleeping

apartments. After roaming about the streets a while, going into some shops and a bazaar, we found our way to rest and rising early in the morning rode out to the castle, to enter which we had passports. They would not however, allow the kodak inside. It is a wonderful castle, 285 years old, the walls are fine cut granite, below and above, in many stories, towers the strong and massive woodwork, at the extreme ends of the ridge pole are on each a golden Dolphin measuring 8 feet 7 inches, and worth \$180,000. They glitter in the sunlight and are visible all over and far beyond the city. The view from the top is grand and extensive, the immediate surroundings were great plains and in the distance were snow-clad hills and mountains, toward the north more particularly was the snow seen. We visited a very celebrated temple "Higashi Hongwanji," the interior and exterior of which were very fine, and afterwards went over a clock factory situated nearby, where they make very good Yankee clocks. The original pattern machinery came from New England, but now they make all for themselves. The pay is from 15 to 50 cents silver for eleven hours' work. I cannot see why there is not in the future a menace to our home manufacture in Japanese competition, they work so cheaply, are



14 NAGOYA CASTLE

CASTLE, NAGOYA.

so painstaking and imitative, that they may yet buy our cotton and wool, and make up clothing and other things for American use, and instead of fearing European competition we may find our machinery duplicated there to produce all sorts of articles much cheaper than they can be made in Europe. On the whole Nagoya is well worth a visit and we might have spent another day there pleasantly. We left in the afternoon at four o'clock for Kyoto, where we arrived at 9:30 p. m. and put up at the Yaami Hotel on the hill overlooking this great and charming city. The view in the evening was to us very interesting. From our high position all the gas, electric and other lights shone out and made a beautiful effect. We were up in the morning of the 20th early and went out to see the town, its streets, temples, etc. The temples are very numerous and many of great size and remarkably fine; there must have been much money spent in building them. Just now one of the Shinran Shonin sect of Buddhists is being rebuilt, on which it is said there is being spent a million yen (or dollars). There are here two great bells over twelve feet high. We had one of them rung by pulling an immense beam of wood which is hung so that a pull backward and then towards the bell gives a great swing and stroke on

the bell which returns a very soft and melodious sound, much more agreeable than that produced by our clanging iron tongues. It is the perfection of melody in bell-ringing. The other bell they would not ring, saying it would make a great sensation in the city as it was to be rung only on special occasions.

The Mikado's palace was full of interest. There are immense halls of audience, of reception, of waiting, great sleeping rooms, great in size and multitudinous in number, and screens and shogis (movable partitions), painted most artistically, one could make a lovely work which would have a great sale by copying them in a book like Audsley & Bowes' "Keramic Arts of Japan." The trees, flowers and scenery were beautifully done and the ceiling made in same style of decoration as the finest in Nikko.

The Shogun's Palace, to which he came in old times to pay a yearly honorary visit to the Mikado, is also very vast and interesting, and has some fine work similar to the other palace, though not so grand, but there is a lot of real gold work over and around the entrance that is gorgeous.

The shops of Kyoto are interesting; more especially are those of the dealers in silk embroidery worthy of mention. They are far ahead of



SPECTACLE BRIDGE, KYOTO.

the Chinese in their designs, the latter stick to the old peacocks, flowers, etc., that they have made for so many years, the Kyoto men have a much more varied manner and style. They also make silk pictures, lovely landscapes with wonderful fidelity to nature, and ten feet distant so perfect is the sky, water, etc., no one would think them other than oil paintings. Kyoto is also celebrated for its bronze, silver, lacquer and other artistic work. Namikawa, the most celebrated cloisonne maker in the country, works there, and so quiet and polite, so perfectly easy and agreeable is his manner that you might think you were with a gentleman of most elegant leisure. His shop was as neat as any parlor, and the dozen men at work putting on the minute wires which make the cloisons (enclosures), or who were rubbing the work down to a uniform polish, made no noise, not one-half as much as two of our people would have done under the same circumstances. The rooms opened out into one of those little miniature gardens with its trees, lakelet and islands the Japanese know so well how to produce. Why cannot other people combine neatness and elegant repose with the labor of their hands? It was the same with Nishamura's silk establishment. So lovely was the view from our hotel over city, mountains and river that one might

have spent weeks there, always finding something to interest. The boys went to the theater one night and after an hour or so sent their cards to the principal actor, who invited them behind the scenes into his room during an interim between acts; he presented them a nice basket of oranges. It is the proper thing to give a present of money in return, which they did. Charles S. Smith, of New York, had a similar interview with Danjuro, the greatest actor in Japan, and presented him with \$50.

One night we had a dinner at a very nice Japanese restaurant, accompanied by music and dancing. I cannot say I should like the diet for a permanent thing. We sat on the floor in a very neat and pleasant room overlooking the river and ate the various sorts of fish, rice, edible sea weeds, daikon, etc., with unlimited tea, sake, cakes, and confectionery. In the meantime the dancing went on with the accompanying native music. The former is posturing only, no violent movements such as we make, but a series of gentle motions, not even as much action as in the stately and elegant old minuet. One of the dances was called the fan dance, in which this necessary summer article plays a very important part. The girls were elegantly dressed in silks of beautiful pat-

terns; there were four of them. The music was not equal to Straus or Sousa, and I wouldn't care for many repetitions of it.

I was on a trip in 1876, between Kobe and Yokohama, on the steamer Costa Rica, newly christened by the Japanese the "Nagoya Maru." On board was Prince Mito, a great Daimio, and his wife, a most refined and elegant-looking lady of olive complexion and gentle manners. The boat had a very good piano which the purser played exceedingly well. For a long time we sat and listened. I wondered if the sweet little lady appreciated it, she sat attentive, but gave no sign of approval. Perhaps she thought no better of that than we did of their koto, samisen and biwa this evening.

At the conclusion of the dinner we were attended to the door by the host and hostess, and the dancing girls, who bade us farewell with great *empressement*.

We were sorry to leave, but as it was time for us to meet our steamer at Kobe, we bade good-bye to Kyoto on the 24th of December, the boys going via Nara to see that old city, for many years the capital, and its great bronze Buddha 58 feet high in a sitting posture, but neither this nor a great wooden one at

Kyoto, nor a new large bronze one at Hiogo nor any other in Japan compares in artistic merit with the wonderful Buddha of Kamakura, which is almost 50 feet high, also in a sitting posture, and has such an air of repose, perfect calm with dignity and purity, as no other one possesses. Kamakura was for many years the capital of Japan. It was made so under the reign of Yoritomo, the first of the long line of Shoguns, who under this name assumed and really wielded the vast powers of governing the country, and while nominally under the control of the Mikado, yet really held this august individual under surveillance at Kyoto as too sacred a person to be seen or to have part in the occupation of making laws or administering them.

It was here under this reign that in A. D. 1252 was made and set up this most remarkable statue of Buddha, and for more than 640 years with its golden eyes it has serenely looked out on the world around it. It has seen the city once containing over a million people, gradually vanish from sight and finally disappear, leaving only a few scattered cottages, and nothing to tell of the former greatness save itself. Since then its eyes have rested only on the charming verdant landscape, its own pious worshippers and the temple of Kwannon near by.



DAI BUTSU TEMPLE, NARA.

Still the sacred likeness of Gautama looks out placidly, and if the devotion of the people is not so universal as formerly, yet a new class of devotees are added who come from afar over the sea, and of an alien race, to admire and worship this wonderfully artistic work and the peaceful expression forever resting on its remarkable countenance, fit emblem of the repose claimed for the divinely blessed of this religion.

I forgot to speak of the temple at Kioto, San-ju-San-jen-do, containing 1,000 large Buddhas, say about 6 feet high, all gilded, and on and around them were 32,333 little ones, so that there is in all 33,333 images, a curious freak, the large ones are not bad, each one is finely gilded, and it must have taken a great amount of piety to furnish such a quantity of gold, “but all that a man hath will he give for his soul. Kobe has grown much; as has its larger half, Hiogo. They are separated by a street, one is the foreign, Kobe, and the other, Hiogo, is the native town, like Yokohama and Kanagawa. The evidences of prosperity in this country since my former visit are great, and I am sure the people have grown richer, for they have taken all the loans for carrying on the war themselves. We found here a nice hotel, the Oriental, kept by a Frenchman. There is nothing made here that is

new or strange, nor any special attraction, yet it seems a favorite resort for residence on account of its protection from cold winds in winter by the great range of hills behind the town. It is a charming ride back to these hills and to a waterfall, which though not very large is really beautiful; going up the narrow gorge leading to it we passed a very large monkey in a cage, the most vicious and spiteful one I ever saw. He jumped at us with wonderful ferocity, shaking the bars of the cage violently, and when I stuck my cane in, he jumped several feet, seized it, and it took the strength of two of us to pull it from his grasp. Riding along a path on the hillside far above the town we passed many pleasant houses of foreigners doing business below near the sea. Really their lots are cast in pleasant places for the view of the bay and the islands across is charming. On our way back we stopped at a cane curio shop. The proprietor is an artist. He takes a bamboo stick and carves on it all sorts of curious figures. One we got had Daikoking, the God of Good Luck, looking over a crowd of rats just below him; there were 72 distinct animals wrought out and the good-natured god was smiling on them pleasantly. Another one had a dragon coiled around, sometimes under the surface then a part



HOTEL, HAKONE.

1957. HAPUYA HOTEL, HAKONE

of his skin repeatedly appearing. We got another one with a war steamer carved on it; battle, smoke, and men and guns are seen. On the 25th we went up to Osaka and visited the shop of the porcelain painter, Yabu Meizan. He is very celebrated. He had 17 men and boys at work, all decorating. He makes the designs and watches them carefully in executing the work. Some are very wonderful workers. All is order, neatness and silence, no words spoken. I saw a bowl which on the outside represents the seasons and inside clouds of butterflies flying spirally, thousands of them minutely drawn, going towards the center. We then went through many streets to the courts of justice. After sending our cards in a gentleman came down, and on being informed of our wish to see the building and procedure, showed us about the rooms, which are large and numerous, embracing many different courts, finally we were shown into one where a session was being held. It was very interesting to see the proceedings. There were three judges seated on a raised platform some three feet above us which ran quite across the room, the presiding one was in the center and on one side sat the clerk on the other the prosecuting attorney. Below and in front were the attorneys of plaintiff and defendant, one

at each side. We heard them make their pleas, saw them submit their full briefs, then the judge looked them over, asked many questions and so we left them. Apparently it was all done rightly and in proper order. We went then to the mint some two miles off, for distances are great here, Osaka having a population of 484,000. It is situated on the Yodogawa (Yodo River). We were shown through in the most obliging manner by one of the officials and saw the process of coining from the very commencement of the melting of the bullion to the turning out of the perfectly milled silver yen, (one dollar), and the five-yen gold-piece. No gold circulates, as it is worth twice its nominal value in silver, which is legal tender. They have in addition national currency equivalent to our greenbacks and national bank notes. Their coins are as fine as our own or any European ones. The situation of the mint is beautiful, directly on the bank of this great river. In 1876 I procured here one of the first five complete sets of their gold coins ever made. They were designed for the Philadelphia Exposition. \$20, \$10, \$5, \$3, \$2.50 and \$1. I have them yet. Osaka is one of the most important towns in the country. Its manufacturing interest is very large, and one sees plenty of chimneys tower-

ing up like a foreign city. Its great castle, a relic of ancient times, is well worth a visit; after crossing the river we rode some two miles to it. Just then it was occupied by soldiers who were here getting ready for a visit to China—there were both horse and foot regiments. We were not able to go inside on account of the war, although in 1876 I went all over it. It is made of stone, some of them are so immense that it seems almost as impossible to have moved them without machinery as Pompey's Pillar. We went over the bridge and moat to the entrance and saw some which we judged to be 25x40 feet surface and suppose the thickness would be in proportion. The space occupied by the castle is very great and there is a fine view from it overlooking the city; its moat is very deep and wide and was filled with water and well walled on both sides. On the 26th we had little to do or see, so as our old friend, the *Belgie*, was in port, we went out to see Captain Walker, he was bound homeward and was pleased by our attention and I thought I never would get away from the temptations of the purser, he made the most remarkably insinuating cocktails, and after drinking one for the renewing of our acquaintance, then I must drink one for future good luck, then he insisted it was his birthday and I must take one

for that, and I do not doubt that if I had not positively torn myself away he would have found it was the birthday of his father and mother, was 4th of July, and 22d of February and Thanksgiving before he had finished the entertainment.

On the evening of the 27th at the close of a violent wind storm we got on board of the Empress of China for Hong Kong, via Nagasaki and Shanghai. She is a splendid ship, and we had fine large rooms, one for each of us, large wide promenade decks and good fare. I think she is better than our Belgic, more roomy, but yet I much prefer our passage of eighteen days in smooth seas and pleasant autumn weather to the cold, icy and stormy one of the Empress of China of fourteen days to Yokohama from Vancouver, for nine of them the passengers were shut down below, many confined to their berths, and the man at the lookout was so in danger as to have to abandon his place; all this while we on the San Francisco route were sailing in smooth seas and with most enjoyable weather. I like a pleasant time at sea for one can suffer more in nine days of storm than a score of days saved can compensate for. We went nicely through the inland sea which, however, was not so charming as I found it in midsummer of 1876, the vegetation not being green and fresh as then. We arrived at



TORII, KAMAKURA.

Nagasaki before 8 a. m. of the 29th, where we were to coal, as this is in the vicinity of the great coal mines of Takashima (shima means island), only eight miles away; we took a run through the town, stopping at a large Buddhist cemetery where they have put people in very thick and close, they double up the corpses and put them in a compact shape sitting, and only taking up about two and one-half feet square of room. But they also cremate, more often, I think, than inter. We also visited a Shinto temple called the Temple of the Bronze Horse, but the horse possessed very little artistic merit, but there was a very fine view here of the town and harbor and there was a colossal bronze torii at the entrance. I ought to say that a torii is made sometimes of stone and sometimes of wood and now and then of bronze. (See view.) The fine stone one at Kamakura is some thirty feet or more in height and of fine gray granite. It is a poor temple when they are of wood and they are found in front of Shinto and Buddhist temples, although really a Shinto emblem. We were off at four o'clock in the afternoon for China, but we had an amusing time watching the girls and boys coaling, more than half the coalers were girls, and there were multitudes of them. A gang of men filled small

sacks with coal, then they were passed on from hand to hand, each person perhaps not over two and one-half feet from the other, up the side of the barge to the ship and there dumped in. I should not think each sack contained over twenty pounds, but they worked fast. There were a dozen small boats with drags running about scraping the bottom of the harbor for pieces that dropped over board. I saw several in which the man had his wife and baby with him while gathering fuel. The Japs waste nothing.

III.

We had a pleasant, swift passage to Woosung, arriving on New Year's morning, 1895, fully expecting to go up to Shanghai, but owing to one Craddock, the agent of the line, we did not. We were only eight miles off, and it was very provoking, especially as our Captain had told us we would have plenty of time. The fact was he (Craddock) did not want to send the boat up and back again. We offered him \$75 to send us up but it was no go. We sent our protest, sixteen of us, to Sir Wm. Van Horn, President of the C. P. R. R. at Montreal, but never heard of its reception. We were soon off for Hong Kong, again a fair passage, passing many islands, and sometimes the mainland in view, sometime Formosa, arriving at the Chinese coast near Hong Kong on the 2d, and at four o'clock in the afternoon we landed.

In parting with Japan I must say that in my opinion the success of her people in the war with China seemed then most certain; the universal devotion of the whole people to the cause, their willingness to give their money and themselves to it, with their quite thorough preparation for the

war, warranted this conclusion. Certainly they are and always have been brave, all the legends, history, poetry and song of the country are in praise of bravery in war, and fidelity to their lord or clan, and while not a large people they are quite muscular and capable of standing much fatigue as is shown by the long rapid runs made by the jinrikisha men; two of them once drew me fifteen miles in two and three-quarter hours. Besides, they are well trained and disciplined, their soldiers have been trained by German officers, and our naval school at Annapolis has educated many of the officers who distinguished themselves in the great fight off the Yalu river. These are immense advantages over the ill-trained, half starved mob that constituted the Chinese army. Besides, they have tact and don't get rattled. I was told by an English officer who saw the battle of Ping Yang that the Japanese handled their vessels beautifully. Then, such swindling has always existed in the Chinese administration, that her ships and forts were not perfectly prepared, having much poorer guns and ammunition than their enemies, and, it is said, that at one arsenal great heaps of clay balls painted black were piled up and passed inspection as iron ones. They tell, too, of a great lot of Belgian rifles being bought for \$3 a piece and palmed off



HONG KONG.

on the government at \$9, by which some one made millions. Li Hung Chang is much slandered or else he is venal.

As to the ultimate destinies of Japan and China, these are the problems of the future in the East, no doubt the prosperity of the former and their great success in the war will make them self-confident and many of her people will desire further conquests, but it seems certain most of the ministers and leading men properly estimate their strength and the reason why they so easily overcame the Chinese, and that to fight a European power would be a different thing. Russia seems to be their "bete noir" and the only power which they run any risk of being embroiled with. I very much doubt if the question of the island of Saghalien was open now, if Russia would get it without a war. As to China, as I have remarked elsewhere, what she needs is a government on European models of honesty, and a proper revenue system. She would be a great power if wisely ruled, and might cut a great figure in the future, but the fear is that there will be no change, that the same course will be pursued hereafter, as in the past, and that sooner or later European powers will divide her country among themselves, no doubt this idea is in the minds of the Russians, who want

a southern outlet for Siberia and their great railroads.

In 1868 I made a trip through Russia in Europe and had as courier a very intelligent man of English parentage, though a native of Russia, having been born at Cronstadt. He told me that southern Siberia was a very fine country and capable of sustaining a very large population, that all sorts of cereals were easily and abundantly produced there. He also said he had pre-empted a piece of land, some 120 acres or so, and was going there to live as soon as he was able to build a house and get work-animals and tools. It seems that here is the possible and almost probable danger for China and India. Russia has already conquered the Khanates of Khiva, Bokhara, etc., reaching to the borders of Afghanistan and also is on the frontiers of China, and stands patiently waiting the suitable opportunity for further advances when time and circumstances offer. She is completing a great railroad line through Siberia to the Pacific ocean, her people are more prolific in the increase of population than most others. She will soon have many millions of people along and near the line, with large towns, and the Russians are a race very capable for labor, and submissive to drill and discipline. Should the Czar conclude to over-run China and

set up a new Northern sovereignty of his own, it would not be strange nor is it improbable.

So, too, some day the same danger might occur to India, only the mountains of Afghanistan and its warlike people intervene, but she will not go to India soon, a trip to China is more probable in the near future and much easier, the Anglo-Saxon is a different sort of person, with courage and a full purse.

Hong Kong is on a rocky island belonging to Great Britain, governed in part by the Governor, who is appointed by the crown. He has a Council, part of which appointed by him and part chosen by the citizens, but he always has a veto on everything. I believe it is better governed than most cities that have a more democratic system. These Governors are always men of high character. I do not think such men as Tweed or our recent Mayor would get this position. They claim to have some 200,000, people all gained in fifty-two years, of course, largely Chinese. There are many fine buildings, some very superior, notably the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank—one of the finest for the purpose I have ever seen. I hardly think there is any in New York equal to it for size, spaciousness and beauty. One of the most remarkable institutions in the East is this banking

corporation. Its operations are on a most gigantic scale. It was originally incorporated by the Legislative Council of Hong Kong, and confirmed by Great Britain. Since that time, after paying liberal dividends to its shareholders from its profits, there has been gained an increase of capital from ten to fifteen millions of dollars. It owes the public for deposits, notes in circulation, etc., \$136,000,000, and has branches or agencies at all important points in the Orient, all under constant supervision of the home office. The management of this vast business is mainly in the hands of Mr. Thomas Jackson at Hong Kong, and of his distinguished ability I was assured there was not a question of doubt as well as of the conservative character and high repute of both himself and the court of seven directors. Their note circulation is ten millions of dollars. While I was in Yokohama the bank loaned to the Chinese government ten millions. At the latter place their branch is in control of a brother of Mr. Jackson of Hong Kong. I judge from my acquaintance, and not large transaction there with him, that the branch is sure to do well under his care.

The town lies at the foot of a great peak or high ridge of the island which rises some 1,800 feet from the sea; houses are built all along on the



HONG KONG AND SHANGHAI BANK, HONG KONG.

flat space (rather limited in extent) below, and then along, one over another, almost or in some places quite to the top. There the view is charming, off in the distance one way lies the ocean, in another direction is Canton ninety miles away, from which we saw, the day boat, coming down. Across the harbor lies Kau Lung, the residence of many people, native and foreign, and also the location of the greatest dry-dock plant in the East. Here are three docks, and one of them will receive a ship 535 feet long. One day we went there and were very politely treated by Mr. Cook, the general manager, being shown over the premises and brought back to town in the company's launch, a trip of some miles. We also saw a match manufactory here, where parents and children were busily engaged, some very small children were at work there, very deftly handling the matches and boxes. There are also large docks for unloading vessels, there being much more level land here than opposite in Hong Kong. The latter has the name, or claims to have, of being the third city in the world for foreign commerce in value, coming in and passing out. I do not believe this is true. On the hill, some 300 or 400 feet above the town, are all the reservoirs from which the city is supplied with water, which comes through an aqueduct from a

great reservoir situated some miles away in a valley high up and towards the sea, passing through a tunnel under a high peak. It is rain water, and no doubt healthy. They say the Chinese waste much of it, they will let the taps run all day and night. There is, also, a fine race course below the city in a part of the town called Happy Valley, alongside of which are cemeteries for Christians, Protestant and Catholic, Parsees and Mahometans. I suppose the name is from the idea that, to many, death is happiness. There is, just below, a sugar refinery, where they make poor sugar and are afraid to let any one see how they do it, for they refused us. They need have no fears, for from the appearance of their product no one could learn anything worth knowing of them. It is on the peak that people go for comfort in summer, and even in winter it is pleasanter than below. There is a cable railway that carries people up speedily, and at the top is a fine hotel, said to be much better than the pretentious Hong Kong below, which has a splendid building but a poor table service and cuisine. Our rooms, however, being on the sixth floor, gave us an excellent outlook over the harbor and city. We were very nicely entertained by Mr. Hunt, our consul, and his interesting family consisting of wife, two young gentlemen and

two young ladies, all very agreeable. They are from Mississippi. The Portuguese Consul, also, was very nice to us, invited us to dinner, and desired us to wait and attend a grand ball soon coming off, but as we had already been compelled to stop longer than we intended, owing to delay of arrival of our steamer four and one-half days behind time, we were unable to accept the invitation. We spent two days at Canton and had a complete exterior view of Chinese life in that metropolis. We made a night voyage on the Powan, Capt. Goggin, as funny a little chunk of a man as ever was seen, he was so short and thick that it was a job to keep in his chair. The first thing that struck me as strange was to see weapons in the cabin, and then, in our rooms even, were swords, it seems these are to fight pirates with, luckily we were not put to the test, but I think we would just have *had* to fight if attacked, as the river pirates are regular devils. After our breakfast we went to a hotel in Shameen, a part of the city formerly occupied by forts; these were demolished when the English had control of the city and the Emperor turned the ground over to be occupied by foreigners. There are two hotels there, an English and French church, a club, many nice residences, fine wide streets, and a small park looking

out on the water. It is very nice compared with the city proper.

We soon got off in chairs, with our American Chinese guide, born in San Francisco, speaking just as good English as we do, and also good Chinese. We went, borne by natives, first to some great buildings being constructed by and for the Chung family, they were very strange and curious; a series of halls open on one side inward, made of fine granite with inscriptions in Chinese, golden letters on black ground against the walls and with many weird figures of animals, dragons and other impossible conceptions. An enormous lot of money is being put into these buildings with no architectural merit. We then went to the Temple of 500 Genii, among whom sits Marco Polo, with a great many saints, some Buddhist and some ancestral; then to the five-storied Pagoda, situated on a hill close to the city-wall and overlooking an extensive cemetery, and in other directions a fine view of the whole city. The streets are very narrow, often the people had to crowd themselves to allow us to pass, many are from six to eight feet wide only. We went to the chamber of horrors, which is a delineation of the tortures and punishments of the wicked in a Chinese hell, too awkward to be interesting;



CANAL AND HORSE BOATS, CANTON.

also to the prison and through it, a most uninteresting place and rather unsafe: all the prisoners were begging; they were all chained, but an Englishman or American would not stay there long, too easy to get out. We also saw pagodas and some temples, but the latter not so frequent as in Japan, nor with any pretense to architectural beauty—in fact, poor and plain. We were not attacked, but some boys made faces and spit at us. It is not safe to resent this in a crowd; a man told me he was struck a hard blow on the shoulder by one of these rowdies and dared not resent it, for they would have pulled him to pieces. There is not much to attract, but much to see in Canton. Every one seems to eat in the front shop: we saw them at breakfast and dinner, all crowded around a table stowing away their rice, vegetables and fish as fast as possible. They do not refuse meat when they can afford it and are especially fond of roast pig. They keep the rice running into their mouths in a continual stream with their little chop sticks. I never became expert with them, although I can use them. We went in various shops, one, where they made a singular jewelry of lovely colored feathers worked in against a back of silver; they make these feathers into hair and breast pins, ear rings, etc. It is a very peculiar style of

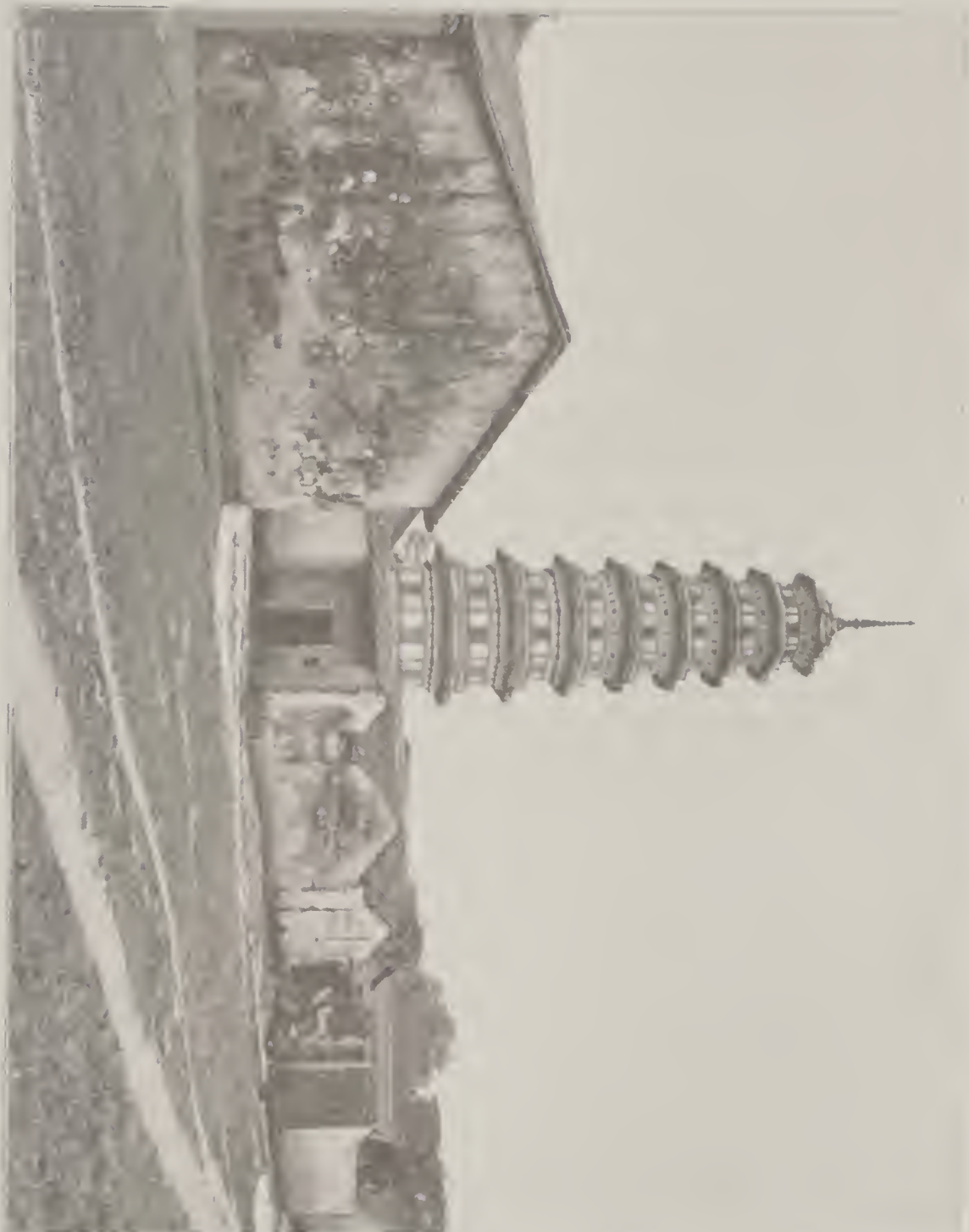
work, and shows the blue and greenish feathers compactly placed, almost like an enamel. There were jade stores with some fine specimens, but the true and fine jade is very high-priced. Their silks and embroideries are very fine, as also their teakwood frames for the screens and the cabinets of same; the carving of them is excellent. But, as I remarked, in speaking of Japan embroideries, they do not change, the same pheasants, parrots, flowers and so forth, are put on now as 100 years ago; they are, however, very pretty, and placed, as they are, in these teakwood black frames, are sold at exceedingly low prices; in fact, seem at present value of silver, almost given away. I am sure if one has a patient disposition and enquiring mind, four or five days can be spent profitably in Canton. We did not see the bad sights nor smell so many disagreeable odors as we expected. We went the second day to see a sort of school, not in session, with a little lake in center of the buildings, and after to the great examination place, where once a year thousands of young men are gathered and put in small shed rooms about 3 x 5 feet, where they are kept for three examination sessions of three days each, studying out and answering the texts given them; these are delivered to them each morning at daylight, and their answers must be



EXAMINATION HALL, CANTON.

handed in the following morning. Of the 11,166 persons for whom cells are thus provided only 130 are passed and booked for promotion in civil offices. It is a sort of civil service, but a very poor one, and many think the success depends much on favoritism; then, too, what they learn is mainly antiquated rubbish. These people are very ingenious in copying or doing what they are taught, but seem to lack the inventive faculty. In this respect they compare unfavorably with the Japanese, but they are most patient workers, and close financiers, curiously enough you find them as clerks in Japanese and foreign banks, occupying responsible places; they seem born calculators, and with their abacus can answer any problem in exchange or money in a few minutes. One day I went into a National Bank, in Hiogo, and there was a Chinese shroff, or calculating man, to whom all money problems were submitted. I believe if they could get out of their present miserable literati rule (which is founded mainly on a knowledge of the stories, myths and teachings of the past), and stop following their traditions, throw off the mandarins and their power too, and have good, progressive men put over them, that the Chinese would come to the front, and soon become most formidable rivals in the artistic and industrial race

of the world. With their patient industry, cheap diet and low wages, they might make thousands of articles at much lower prices than the civilized nations; but it is hardly fair to call a people uncivilized who knew how to make gun-powder and to print when our own ancestors were wild forest rovers with no arts or science. Six cents per day will get lots of laborers, and 15 to 25 is enough for skilled ones. Give them time and teachers and they will learn, I am sure; then, too, they have unlimited coal to furnish power if needed. To show their prices, a man took a pair of my low shoes and duplicated them, the soles and heels of good No. 1, leather, the upper of excellent white canvas, the lacing part of fine cream-colored tan leather for \$2.50, equal to \$1.25 gold. They made us suits of pyjamas for night wear, coat and pantaloons of excellent pongee silk for \$4, equal to \$2 gold; also similar ones of excellent English woolen goods at same price; nice English cloth suits, Prince Albert, for \$12 to \$18 lined with silk, such as cost at home \$40 to \$60; the workmen get very, very little. We had a nice lunch at Shameen with a former employe of Mr. E. A. Hitchcock, of St. Louis, and left with, on the whole, no unpleasant memories of Canton.



FLOWER PAGODA, CANTON.

170 FEET HIGH.

Finally, at 9:40 p. m., on the 11th of January, we got off on board the Gera—North German Lloyds—for Singapore, where we arrived on the 16th, at eleven o'clock in the morning. Off the port we encountered the usual funny boats with long outriggers, on which the man sometimes stands to balance the boat against the strong winds on the sail. It looks pokerish, but these people are as much at home in water as out, and are very adroit in getting back into their boats. The weight on these outriggers depends on the strength of the wind, so they put more men to overcome it as it increases; they say, for instance, it is a one-man or a two or three-man gale.

Lots of boys came out, too, to dive for the small silvercoins thrown to them; sometimes three or four at once would jump out and go down like lead for a five-cent piece, and they get in their boats and spill out what water comes in with their feet without losing view of other possible half-dimes coming. Singapore is an island which formerly belonged to the Sultan of Johore; in 1819 it was bought of the then Sultan by Sir Stamford Raffles for the East India Company for \$60,000 and an annuity for life of \$24,000. This only bought a strip five miles long; the remainder of the island was gained afterward, in 1823, when the East India

Company had learned to appreciate the wisdom of his bargain.

It was made the capital of the so-called "Straits Settlements," which comprise all the towns along here, in 1832, and came from nothing but a few Malay fishing boats in 1819 to have a population of 184,000 people in 1891, and is still growing. There are 122,000 Chinese here, who are, as everywhere, irrepressible workers; there are also some 15,000 Europeans, many Hindoos, some Arabs and a sprinkling of all sorts of Asiatics mixed in. The island is, like Hong Kong, governed by a Council, but really under control of the British Government, as the Governor is at the head and controls the appointment of half the Council, and has a positive veto. The other half of the Council is chosen by the people, so the Governor has a double hold on legislation, having half power in making and full power to veto the laws, but practically the plan works well; good laws are sure to be approved, and it is only local questions that come up; no matter of tariffs or foreign affairs trouble them, as it is a free port; no custom house officer investigated us going off or coming back. They have properly constituted courts presided over by crown appointees, who, I presume, are just men. The colony pays £100,000 a year to the

MALAY VILLAGE.



crown for its protection and its troops, besides providing barracks or partially so. The municipality has an area of twenty-eight square miles. The climate is temperate, the mercury ranging from 70 deg. to 90 deg. Fahrenheit the year round. There were formerly lots of tigers and venomous snakes here, and in going over the botanical garden (in a park) I was looking for some of the latter, but found none, as they are mostly killed off. The police are made up of a few Europeans, and the remainder Sikhs, Malays, Klings and Chinese. The Sikhs are very reliable; we saw plenty of them doing police duty at Hong Kong. The revenues are received from opium, spirits, stamps, pawn-brokers' fines, etc., etc., and in 1890 amounted to \$4,363,237.

Across a narrow strait over which tigers sometimes swim is Johore, where the Sultan still has his home seat, palace and petty kingdom, although he has still fifty-six acres of land in Singapore reserved by his predecessor, and on which is also a fine palace. Last Monday (14th) he gave a grand entertainment there to 750 guests, and all had plenty of room for dancing; but unfortunately he is said to be dying of consumption. (P. S.: Since died.) One sees here an immense variety of people—Malays, with their dark, sharp,

dangerous look; Chinese, Burmese, Siamese, Japanese, Cingalese, Tamils, Arabs, Jews, Parsees, Negroes and Europeans. These straits of Malacca are the great duct through which passes a most enormous commerce from Europe and America to China, Japan, Australia and all the islands, Java, Borneo, etc.

The flags of all nations float here on ships receiving or discharging cargo, coaling or awaiting arrival of connecting vessels. There is one great English line whose pennants are everywhere in the East and Australia; its operations are enormous, and it controls more steam vessels than any other in the world. It is called the British India Steamship Company. It is said they charter many of their steamers, as a law compels companies owning over a certain number of vessels to pay a special extra tax towards support of the navy. There is a fine museum, public library, English and Roman Cathedrals, a fine reservoir from top of which is an admirable view, a race course, an esplanade in front of the chief hotels next the sea, where we saw a football game. There are many fine buildings, every prospect pleases, and only the hotels are vile. We saw for two hours a great turnout of carriages, gharrys, jinrikishas, etc., containing all sorts of people out for an airing. Many Chinese and Eu-

Europeans were in fine, handsome carriages, with three servants besides the driver, two behind and one at his side, all with great show of dress and color. These people seem to enjoy themselves here almost under the equator, with their high average temperature and days and nights about equal the year around, but I did not see here or in India any evidence that hot climates suit the white race. The ladies do not look bright and alive, but pale and languid, compared to those at home. This long-continued warm weather is enfeebling, and children must be sent home to grow up, or else to high mountains, if they are to have any constitutions to go into life with. I never saw any English people who did not say they would much prefer to live at home if only they had sufficient means.

CHAPTER IV.

We got off late in the evening, and all next day were in sight of land. Formerly it was often dangerous for sailing ships along here; the villainous natives would slip up on one in a calm and kill the officers and crew, then run the vessel up one of the small creeks and dispose of the cargo. But they have been taught better; small armed vessels have been sent up these water ways, burned up their villages and killed the natives as far as possible, so they behave better now. We had, as ever on our route, favorable weather and pleasant skies, with good progress until, on the morning of January 21, the spicy island of Ceylon came in view; great woods of coconut trees met our eyes—forests they really are of thousands of acres, although we could see they were planted in rows. All day long and up to night we sailed along in full view of the shore, going quite around the lower part of the island and passing Point de Galle, ran into Colombo about eight o'clock at night but we were compelled to lie off the pier head three-quarters of an hour for a pilot to come and show us our anchoring berth. It took us two and one-half hours then before we could get our baggage



NATIVE BOYS—KANDY CUYLON.

and up to the landing house, and it was near midnight before we were in our rooms at the Great Oriental Hotel on this island of so much song and story. Our first sights on awakening were the wide streets and the harbor, entirely artificially made by the sea walls or piers. It was this which took the trade from Point de Galle. If they had made a wall there to protect the ships from storms, they might have kept the trade, and saved all the Calcutta vessels from the East seventy-five miles and back of sailing. The hotel is rather grand, with a lofty and wide dining room some forty feet to the ceiling, set back from the outer wall by a court that just leaves light enough to be pleasant and keeps out the sun's glare: then there is a court yard filled with tropical plants and trees. The table was very good and servants attentive. The change was pleasant after our ten days' voyage. We found the day pretty hot, too much so to venture out except in carriages, but after four o'clock in the afternoon we had a charming ride about the place through woods natural and planted; by cinnamon trees which smelled and tasted strongly of that spice; through many streets and by houses with very large grounds and too many trees, shutting out almost too much of the light, air and view: then on by little fresh-water lakes, and after came a lovely

sea-side ride of a mile back to the light-house and clock tower near our hotel and right in the busy part of the town. The great ocean was idly breaking on the shore in a most leisurely way, as if it had no future of storm or wrath in its bosom. We passed long lines of barracks filled with troops on our return, which latter keep things safe for England. Next morning we sped away by rail to Kandy, a charming ride of fifty miles, more especially fine after getting over the first low-lying ten miles, the road is most picturesque, running along by the margin of hills and precipices, rising higher and higher, winding in and out, making much distance to gain a little, opening one panorama after another, very beautiful to see, until our ride ended at this ancient town, not a city, but a charming village situated on a little lake of artificial formation by embankment of a valley, but just as beautiful as if natural.

We soon took a gharry (a one-horse, covered, four-seated vehicle with flat roof doubled so as to protect the head from summer sun, the intervening air space being about four inches; I think the name must have come from the native effort to say carriage), for the wonderful Peredeniya gardens, four miles off. They are situated on a charming river of considerable size and some thirty feet above it,



GREAT BAMBOOS PEREDENIYA.

and comprise about one hundred and fifty acres of beautifully laid out ground, with great variety of all trees that will grow in this climate, both indigenous and foreign. There are two lovely orchid houses, where were several specimens in bloom, although it was rather too early to see them all out in full glory. There was a row of immense Assam india-rubber trees, with a peculiar and remarkable show of great roots above ground in most curious and fantastic shapes, covering the surface, running over each other and looking more like an aggregation of gigantic Pythons than anything else. It looked as if there were cords of wood in the roots of each tree lying thus edgewise above ground. Then there was a beautiful row of great palms, great groups of tall bamboo growing in clumps of hundreds close together, towering forty to sixty feet in the air. Then we picked nutmegs and cloves from the trees. The cloves are just as we get them here, only green, but in my pocket they soon turned black and had the true flavor. The nutmeg had a green case like a walnut; picking this off, we found the film, called mace, attached to the nut, and which is picked off and dried. After two hours of most intelligent explanation and guiding by a native botanist, we left, and visited a tea plantation, and house for drying tea near by. They were dry-

ing the leaves by steam after pulling them off the shrubs, which looked like small currant bushes. We were favorably impressed with this mode of preparation; it is all moved on from one machine to another, and not handled in the old manner, and which is still in use in China and Japan, which is for the tea to be dried in copper kettles set in brick and mortar over a fire. To see a native Chinese woman or Jap at work over the tea in hot weather is rather calculated to take away the appetite for it. The Ceylon and Indian tea has a stronger flavor, and not so pleasant as the fine China teas. I was told that at twenty cents to twenty-five cents in silver per pound for the best they could live and thrive. They wish for, and are trying to make, a market for it in our country.

After this we rode back to town and around the lake among the private residences of the Colombo people, who come here in summer to avoid the extreme heat below; this place being high up among the mountains. Then we went to the far-famed temple—a humbug—where is said to be one of Buddha's teeth. We were shown about the temple (a small affair) by a glib, self-constituted guide that I supposed was a priest, and, after giving money at his request to the temple, he walked along with us, pointing out various pictures on the



TALIPOT PALM IN BLOSSOM.

walls, of hellfire, devils torturing people for various crimes, such as stealing, cheating, simony, oppressing the poor, etc. We finally asked for a sight of the tooth, but were told that was impossible, so we left the humbug of a temple after a further backshish to the supposed priest who claimed to have been our guide. We had to shake off a host of beggars, which are a terrible nuisance at every temple in India.

Later we went a few miles off to see a sacred elephant which belongs to the temple, a great, good-natured beast that looked pleasantly and knowingly at us and picked up coins with his trunk. We were also followed by a great crowd of boys, all crying "Sahib, give, give, give." Then back to dinner, to sleep and an early awakening and start, after a cup of tea, some toast and a boiled egg. They call this early breakfast "Chota Hazri." We found our trip back to Colombo almost as interesting as the one up, on this curious rail road. On our way down we met at breakfast two gentlemen who suggested our going over to Tuticorin, in Southern India, and thence by rail to Madras. One of them was going by that day's boat. We concluded to do so, and, after a great push and hurry, got our tickets and baggage ready, and went on board the British India Company ship, Ellora, at five o'clock

in the evening. She is the slowest vessel I have rode on since I was a boy—a ship, with large capacity for cargo, not much for people, and only seven and one-half miles an hour speed. The engineer amused himself by trolling, so slow was our movement, and said he often caught fish. We had two good rooms, a big bath room, and a very poor table. As it was the 24th of January, my birthday, I got a bottle of champagne to celebrate it with, but it was miserable, dead stuff. We were twenty hours in making the trip which, if we could have got on the regular mail boat which left an hour ahead of us, we would have made in fourteen, and *she* was not fast. So we had to put up at this, our first point in India, at the British India Hotel. We, however, got good rooms, a very fair dinner, had lovely sea breezes, and two fellow guests, one a German, and his companion a genuine Mahomedan in European dress—who argued strongly in favor of his religion, and, as generally is the case when all are amicably disposed, we got on pleasantly.

At 6 o'clock next morning we were on the train for Madura, where we arrived at midday. As happens often in India, where there are no European hotels, the railroad gave us rooms and we ate at the restaurant. I was soon interviewed by two clergymen, native Christians, one



TANK OF THE GOLDEN LILIES.

the pastor of a native Congregational Church of 400 members and the other the incumbent of an Episcopal Church, at which, I understand, all colors attend. He was the blackest man, but one, that I saw in India. Both wanted rupees. The first said there were 15,000 of his fellow-believers in that vicinity. He seemed a good sort of a man, and talked and acted like an educated American. We went, afterwards, to see his church, which might be set down in New England and not look out of place. After the sun had passed meridian a little, we went out, with Solomon David or David Solomon (I forget the precedence) as our guide, to see the town. He claimed to be a Christian, and got his name at baptism, but I am sorry to say his breath showed that he was fonder of the spirits of the still than the Good Spirit, yet he was an excellent guide, but his religion I think of doubtful quality. First we rode through the streets of the native town, then to a remarkable tank, several hundred feet square, surrounded by a very expensive wall, having a wide walk clear around the whole interior of the enclosure, with two ghats (rows of steps) leading down to the water on every side of the tank, also small towers at each corner, and in the center an island with a fine temple of considerable size and height, sur-

rounded by a garden of fine trees and shrubs, all on a scale comporting well with the size of the lake. Near here is a great banian tree, 540 feet around, and the trunk having a circumference of seventy feet. I noticed close to the trunk a wreath of flowers lying on a stone, suspecting it was an act of worship to the tree, I asked our guide, and he replied that it was an offering to the Cobra that dwelt under the tree, and that at night the natives left milk and eggs for it. They will not kill these snakes, but offer them food by way of propitiation. After leaving here we passed by a number of men pumping water for irrigation in a manner quite new to us. A long stick of timber was suspended like an old-fashioned well-sweep on a pole some twelve or fifteen feet high, and at one end was a pump stock attached; then some five men walked constantly back and forth, raising water from the well. We next visited the old palace of the Rajah Tiramula Nayak, who formerly ruled here. This is a fine building, constructed in 1630, and a few years ago restored by the English for use as a court house at a cost of \$450,000. It is of very peculiar architecture, very interesting indeed, but I think the money might have built a more suitable court room *de novo*. There is one room in which



PUMPING WATER. MADURA.

was formerly kept the crown jewels, and was Tiramula's bed room, too. His bed was suspended by four lines from the ceiling fifty-four feet above it. A thief made entrance at the ceiling, slid down one of the ropes and stole the jewels kept there. The Rajah published that if the thief would return the treasure he should be ennobled, have a hereditary estate and an annuity. The thief returned them, received the estate and rank; but the annuity was of brief continuance, as he was at once beheaded. There is a very fine and extensive view from the top of this palace, both of town and country. Madura itself is quite a large place. Our guide said there was formerly an underground passage from this palace to the great temple of Shiva, twelve or fifteen hundred feet away, for the use of the ladies of the zenana, so they could pass to it with privacy. We next went to this temple; it is an enormous affair, some eight hundred feet square in all and is dedicated to Shiva and his wife, Minakshi. It has nine gopuras or gateways, which impressed me as much as the temple itself; one of them is 152 feet high. They are oblong, the sides sloping up story by story, fourteen of them, to the top. Each recess thus made is like a great shelf, and is filled with large Hindoo mythological figures, all looking fresh and of varied

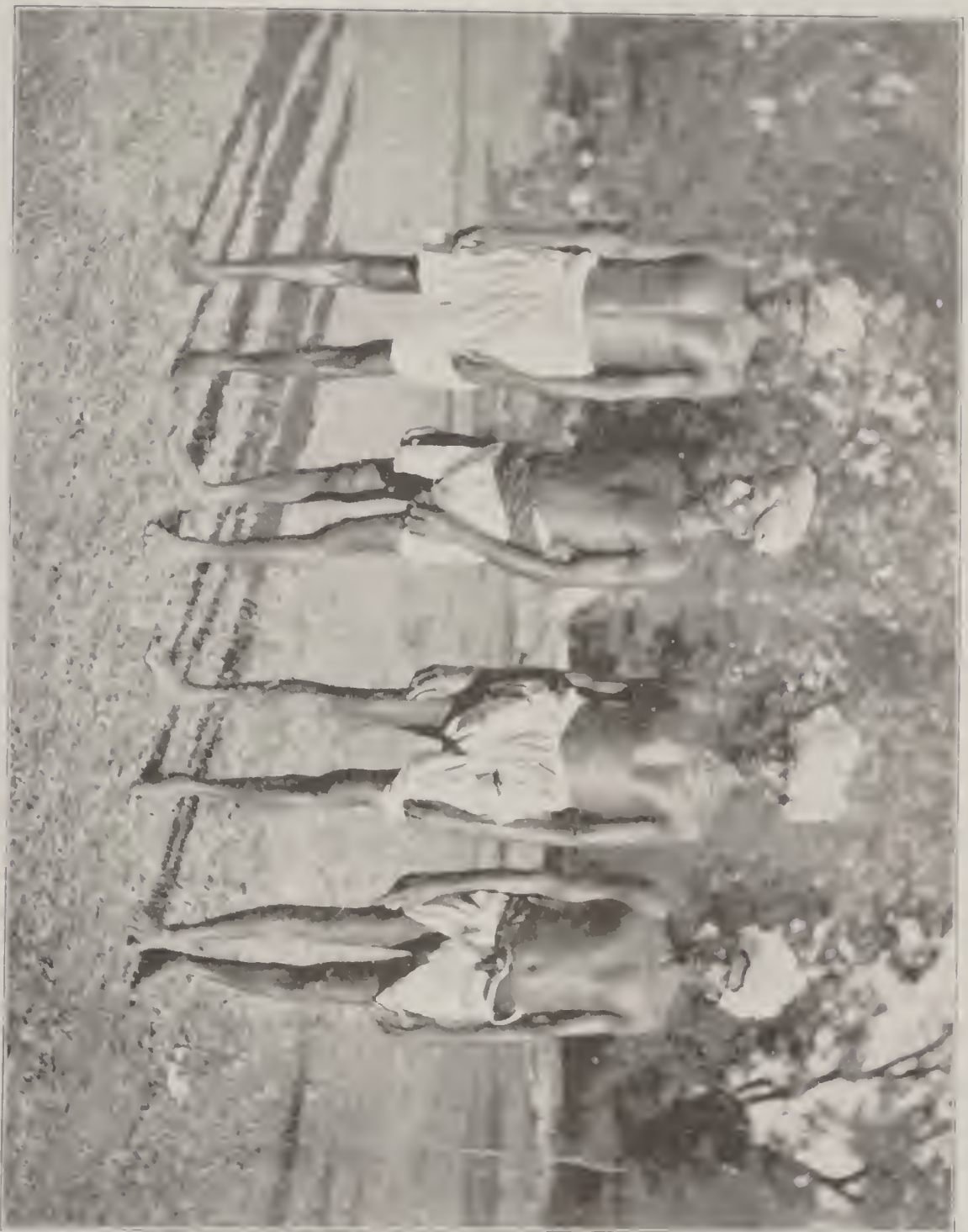
and high colors. There are hundreds of these figures. Then there is the Hall of a Thousand Pillars and other remarkable buildings; a large one which, though part of the temple, is used as a bazaar. It is called the Hall of Lakshmi. There are many great statues in it, and here men are allowed to spread out and sell their wares. There is a tank inside the temple, where the faithful can bathe at the time of worship. There are special shrines and images which can be seen for a consideration. There are many places where one is shown images. One of them shows Shiva as a sow nursing a lot of little pigs whose mother had been slain. There are four sacred elephants kept in the temple, large ones: they seemed well trained and civil, but the trainer was persistent in his efforts to force an intimate acquaintance with us for backshish purposes. I consider this and the temples of Seringham (Trichinopoly) and Tanjore much the most remarkable Hindoo places of worship we saw in India, and one might find occupation for many days, if not weeks, in studying the figures of the gopuras and temples. Then the size is so immense, and the multitude of natives around in their varied costumes is interesting. The greatest drawback to the pleasure of the visit is the crowd of beggars that pursues one constantly, but this is universal in the East



PALACE OF TIRAMULA NAYAK, MADURA.

and in many churches and cathedrals in Europe. We left Madura with much regret next morning for Trichinopoly. We could have spent another day very profitably at Madura if we had been able to spare the time. I forgot to name two curious things in the palace, one was a swarm of bees hanging high up from one of the arches like a hornet's nest; the other, a quantity of great bats, called flying foxes, hanging from the roof. We afterward saw a great number of these last at two other places in India. They were at Amritsar, hanging to trees, and when disturbed flew about like bats, but are as large as our fox squirrels. I was sorry, also, that I had not time to call on Mr. Chandler, the head of the Congregational (American) missionary efforts there, which have been very successful. I was told by Mr. Preston, a barrister of Madura, whom I met, that below, near Tinnevely, there were near 200,000 native Christians divided between the Baptist, Episcopal and Catholic faiths. I found much prejudice against missionaries among the English I happened to meet. They say they live well, are comfortable, have fair salaries, go to the mountains in summer and enjoy themselves. Mr. Talmage has replied to these accusations, in a sermon he delivered about Benares, by showing the need of decent living in India, to live at all:

and an Episcopal missionary I met, told me he nearly died trying to go about, as Christ did, on foot, and that one Rev. Mr. Bowen, an American missionary who was forty years at Bombay, and who ate only such food as the natives ate, dressed as they did, walked everywhere, and gave away all the presents of clothing, beds, etc., that kindly disposed people made him, at last said he was not sure but it was better to live more comfortably, and I think the natives respect a man more who is dressed better, lives better and seems above them, than one who would get down on the dirt by their side; besides, to live as Bowen did, one must be a celibate, for no European or American woman could live long in this way. They would get fever and die. Exposure to sun and the night or the early morning air is dangerous. In many places the heat goes up to 117 deg.; rains, too, are in many places for many weeks excessive, sometimes twenty-four inches in forty-eight hours, at one place we were at 191 inches fell last year in ninety days. In Assam six hundred inches are reported at one point in a year; I was told twelve inches sometimes fell near Bombay in twenty-four hours, and often there is a humid and very trying atmosphere. So Europeans have need of the comforts of life, or they could not endure the work at all. The



NATIVES, MADIRA.

Catholics have the advantage of celibacy, and this in missionary work seems great. The superstition is dense where people worship deities and things too vile to put a description of on paper. The obscenity of some things in their mythology is past belief, yet very elegant looking natives are believers in the Hindoo faith and almost all the Christian converts are Pariahs, the lowest class of people. I was told by Mr. Preston that there was not one high caste convert in all the district about Madura, and why? because it means perfect ostracism—a man's own wife and children would avoid him, would not allow his shadow to strike them for fear of contamination, if he became a Christian he would become an outcast, a Pariah. So it is from those who have no caste that the army of converts come. There are, it is said, between two and three millions of Protestant and Catholic Christians in India. I think railroads must help much to break the tyranny of caste. The natives ride mainly third class, and must mix: they can hardly avoid touching the hated Pariah, and this, it seems to me, is a force of circumstances that must aid in the change of feeling. We arrived at Trichinopoly Junction at noon, and after tiffin (always tiffin, not lunch, in the East) started off for Seringham to see the celebrated temples, which are as well

worthy of note as those of Madura, and occupy more space and are the same style of architecture, but are dedicated to Vishnu instead of Shiva. In riding there we passed through Trichinopoly proper, sometimes called Trichinopoly Fort, which is a place of great historic note; here the French once made a night attack on the English in their endeavors to capture the fort, but failed with great loss. There is here a remarkable rock, which is very large and rises direct from the plain 236 feet. There are staircases leading to the top. We passed a temple, on our way up, in which Hindoo services were being conducted, there was a lecture or sermon going on. We stopped again at a fine pavilion from whence there is a great view of a widely extended plain and off to high hills in the distance. Lord Clive once commanded here, and here Bishop Heber died. Clive's house is shown still, as well as the residence of Bishop Heber. Our guide was another Christian who did not tipple, but smoked the Trichinopoly cigars, for which the place is celebrated; his name was Daniel, and he informed us that these cigars are sold at two rupees a hundred, equal at present rate of exchange to about fifty cents of our money, and they are very good. On our return we passed within two miles of the grave of Heber, but as our time was limited we

CORRIDOR OF HINDOO TEMPLE, SOUTHERN INDIA.



did not visit it. We would have liked to remain longer at this place, but as we were to sail next day we could not tarry. We saw the pagoda of the great temple at Tanjore as we arrived there at twilight, it is two hundred feet high. We were sorry to pass this place without stopping, for many think this temple the finest in Southern India. After seeing these great religious edifices of Tanjore, Trichinopoly and Madura, the native Hindoo temples of Northern India seem small and feeble. We got a very good general view of Madras, but spent only a few hours there. We had our first bullock-cart experience here in the transport of our baggage to the harbor. These animals are very well trained, and can go at a good trot; I had a race with a pair of them afterwards at Calcutta, and was much surprised to see the enterprising little fellows keep up with my two-horse gharry for a long time. These are the so-called sacred animals, are of light color and have a small hump over the shoulders. Madras has no natural harbor, only a roadstead, and it used to be a dangerous place for a vessel to lie, and a nasty one to land at in a boat. But now they have made breakwaters of stone to keep off the swell of the ocean. Even now, however, we were obliged to be carried on two men's shoulders and dumped in the boat or barge, which

stood five feet out of the water. These barges are large enough to carry tons of freight, are made of heavy pieces of wood, yet entirely without nails or iron—actually sewed together with cocoa fibre. It seems hardly credible, yet is very true, and they do not leak much either. I was told all the freight coming to this very important port was transported to and from the steamers and sailing ships in these tailor-made boats. Madras has about 450,000 people, being the third city in India, Calcutta and Bombay being first and second.



BENGAL, VILLAGE.

CHAPTER V.

The steamer Eridan, of the French Messageries Line, we found comfortable and fairly speedy, 325 miles a day. We arrived at the mouth of the Hugli the second day from Madras at dark. Our steamer carried a first-class pilot all the time, a jolly fellow, whose sole duty it is to take his boat up and down the 120 miles of the dangerous navigation of the Hugli. For the remainder of his trip each way to and from Colombo he may sleep, game or read, as suits him; but he is always there to mount the bridge for the river trip, which is a very dangerous one, and he gets a judge's salary. The river is treacherous to a degree. We saw the top-masts of a great ocean steamer standing up in the air, all else being in the water and quicksand. The danger of touching at all is great, for the ships often slip into the sand and turn over in a very few minutes. They tell of such an occurrence happening in which the crew and passengers all stepped off over the side except three engineers who were asleep below and were awakened by the incoming water; they got to the open ports in the side where they could lookout and be seen but

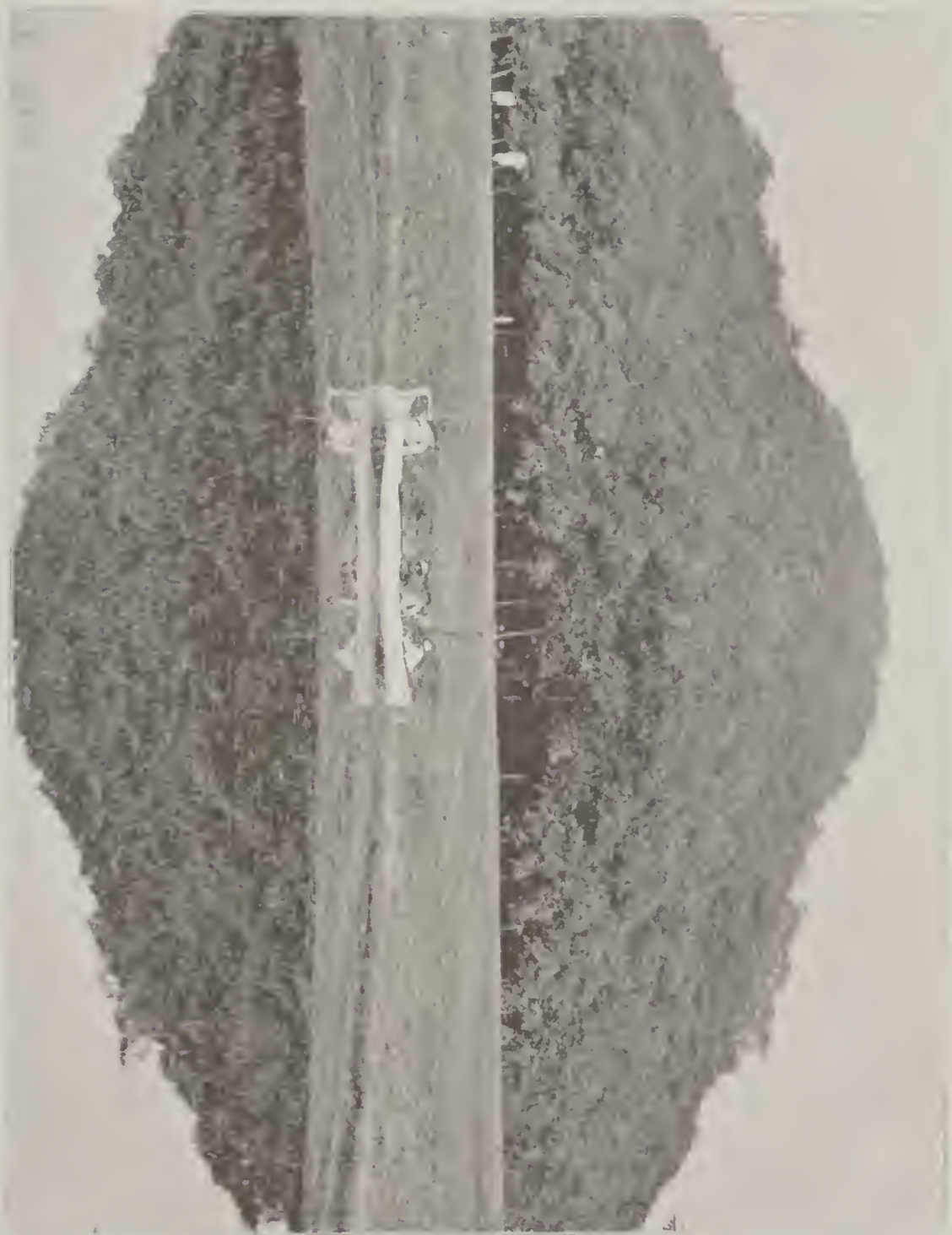
could not get through; one of them went back into the water in the ship and managed to find his way out through it, but the two other poor fellows were drowned before the eyes of the distressed spectators who could do nothing for them. The greatest danger occurs when the river is full in the rainy season. We had to lie all night at anchor and until the tide was right next morning, and did not arrive at Calcutta until 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon. Then there was a rush of all sorts of people on board at once, among them friends of those who were just returning from Europe, and howling boatmen, who, with the coolies and gharry men, are a great nuisance. These people seem to think loud talk necessary in common conversation, and many times at railroad stations and hotels we have had night made unpleasant by their loud voices. But one must use them, and some are very valuable. We had a double experience in servants; our first one we got at Cook's in Calcutta, and took him for his wise appearance, but he was as slow a follower of the Mecca Prophet as I ever saw, and on our return from Darjeeling we dropped him, much to his chagrin, but really he did little but halloo at railroad stations for coolies, which signal would bring five or six, each to grab a bundle, however small, and all wanted to be paid as much




HINDOO GIRL.

as if each had a load and our man merely overlooked the job. These people are not very strong, it took four to handle one trunk; but their strong point is headwork, for after the four had got it on one man's head he seemed to walk off with it easily, though it weighed 170 pounds. Our next servant was a young Madras chap, a Christian, as black as charcoal, but he was quick and serviceable, always on hand, a treasure of a servant and interpreter, for he he knew English well. He went with us all the way to Bombay, but we left him very ill with fever; he promised me to go to a doctor and I gave him ten rupees for that purpose. I urged him rather, to go to a hospital, but he did neither, and came around the night before we left, looking badly. But I have wandered from Calcutta. It is a great city, has some 850,000 people with many fine buildings for public use; and a great park called the Maidan, right in the center of the city that reaches down to the river and is one and a half miles in diameter, holding in its limits, Fort William (a strong earth work), a hospital, government house, many statues of distinguished Anglo Indians, both stone and bronze, and a part is laid out in what is called the Eden Gardens. It seems remarkable to find a public park directly in front of the business portion of a great city and on its principal avenue of commerce,

a great river. They have a council house, also a university building, etc. One of the most interesting places we saw was the museum, an immense building, fronting on the Maidan, containing a fine collection of archaeological remains of very great interest, also of defunct animals and fish, including a mammoth from our own country. It hurt my feelings to see a few years since in the British Museum at Kensington a magnificent mammoth nearly perfect from Bates County, Missouri, and now another here in far off India, and none that I know of in America to compare with them in perfection. Besides the foregoing, they have here a great and fine collection of minerals, snakes in spirits, and fish, with fine specimens of the various manufactures of India, also models and pictures of the multitudinous races, tribes and clans which live here. It is by far the best museum in India. There is also, six miles below the city, a fine botanical garden, celebrated especially among other things, for its great banian tree, over 1000 feet in circumference, a veritable forest by itself, the most remarkable of its kind in India. This garden has 272 acres and a frontage of a mile on the Hugli River. It does not surpass the Ceylon Garden at Peradeniya except in size, so we thought. We left Calcutta one afternoon for Darjeeling, in the



GREAT BANIAN TREE, CALCUTTA.

Himalayas, riding for some 120 miles through a level country until we reached the Ganges at Damookdea station, where we took the steamer for Sara Ghat on the opposite side; during the passage of twenty minutes we dined. No bridge can be built here, they say, on account of the changing channel. We sped on all night until dawn, when we reached Silliguri, 392 miles from Calcutta, where we changed cars to a two-foot gauge road of fifty miles length. Our change at the Ganges was to a metre gauge from a wide one; on this road it was from the metre, 39¹/₁₀ inches, to two feet. We ascended to a height of 7,400 feet almost immediately, as our changing place was but a few hundred feet above the sea. For the first few miles we ascended slowly, but then began to climb rapidly by the most remarkable running up on the sides of hills, around them, and across ridges, ascending by what is called switch backs, like this , by which, going to right and left, rising all the time, we surmounted great and difficult heights; in one place there were four tracks, one rising above the other. Thus we went on for six hours, with constant beautiful changes of scenery, with lovely views of gorges, valleys, trees, tea plantations and houses. Very much tea is grown about these hills, as they call them. We would think a height of 7,400 feet to be among the

mountains, but the English talk of going up here to the hills. Tea grows clear up to 7,000 feet altitude at and near Darjeeling. Finally, after constant pleasure during the last forty miles, we reached our terminus at four o'clock in the afternoon, and were soon housed in the charming Woodland Hotel, only three minutes walk up the hill from the depot and almost over it. We never tired of the view from this spot, our porch and room dominated the town, and the whole Kinchinjanga range of snow clad mountains forty-five miles away; by night or day the view was grand. Roaming about in the afternoon we saw the Mongolian cast of features, for we were on the border of Thibet and Bhutan, the slanting eyes and appearance of activity and thought indicated a different race from the effeminate and more languid looking people of Bengal. The delightful air and charming views are the great attraction here, and it is really a sanitarium, not only for the wealthy English below but for the troops, for whom there is a great hospital. At six o'clock next morning we started for Senchal, a high point from which the great Mt. Everest can be seen. It was a six-mile ride and the morning was very cold and frosty, but we made it in about an hour and were well rewarded, for it was clear and we got a view of



GATHERING TEA, DARJEELING.

the top of Everest; it seemed only a little bit, as it was 120 miles away, but it shone brightly in the sun with its silver crown of snow. But the greatest charm was Kinchinjanga, the whole snow covered range came out gloriously for us and we felt well paid for our early awakening and trip. We wended our way down to and through the little native village of Goom, 7,400 feet above the sea, and so on to our hotel, to breakfast, very happy that we were so fortunate, for frequently the mountains are veiled for days. After breakfast we went about town and its vicinity, sometimes on foot and sometimes on pony-back; the rides are very fine, because one has always charming views and scenery. There is a village of Bhutans close by which we visited; it had very little attraction. We entered the Buddhist temple, when the priest began to turn a large prayer wheel while another rang a bell for our entertainment. They offered to sell us a brass wheel with a long prayer on it. Their devotions suddenly ceased when we had given the expected fee. There is a small park in which a peculiar cedar, unlike any I have ever seen, is abundant. The most interesting place in the town is a square in which is held a kind of market and exchange; here is sold almost everything; the money brokers and lenders have their silver coin lying right on

the ground on a cloth or a board; various coins are sold here and money loaned. But next morning we again took our chair seats in an open car for a descent to the sea level, but found the air cooler than on the trip up. At Kurseong, 4,390 feet above the sea, we saw ice taken from the water cooler (a porous earthenware jar three-fourths of an inch thick), that was frozen during the night. It would not have frozen in the open air, I think, as these vessels produce a lower temperature than the surrounding air from rapid evaporation.

Our ride down was as pleasant as the one up. The great tea plantations show everywhere. The natives get four rupees a month for women and five for men and no eight hour law. The planter who told me this said they were perfectly content unless rice got high and then they had to be given aid. A rupee is now about twenty-seven cents gold value, and forty-eight in silver. No wonder tea is cheap.

Next morning we were again in Calcutta, where I found an invitation to lunch at a large mercantile house from a gentleman we met on the steamer from Madras. The concern is very old and does an extensive business. There were ten heads of the different departments, and they all seemed a



KINCHINJANGA RANGE FROM PARJIT LING.

wide-awake, sensible lot of Englishmen. The house has a great standing in bank and commercial circles—Kilburn & Co. They seemed very much interested in the silver question and were exceedingly anxious for that metal's restoration to former value. I told them the only way was to get England to join the other nations in fixing the ratio. The pressure is severe, especially on those having limited and fixed incomes. Many men in government services retiring on pensions and who have been looking forward for years to going home to end their days have to conclude to stay here for life, for their income being halved, they can not afford to live in England but have to remain here permanently, and so get houses up in the hill country at low cost. Of course, it is the same in civil life, as a man must have twice as much as formerly to support him. While coming down the mountain I met a brewer from near Kurseong who told me there were twelve large breweries in India and they sell beer and ale at about half English prices. On naming this to a fellow traveler and asking why so much English beer and ale was used, he said they did not consider the Indian liquor as clean as the English. But it is all faith at home or abroad. In the afternoon we met our pleasant friends, Mr. Procter and family, of Williamstown, Mass.

We saw them first at Kobe, traveled with them on the steamer to Hong Kong, from whence we happened to sail on the same ship to Colombo. We scarcely expected to see them again after leaving them in Ceylon, but we met several times afterward. We also met again our St. Louis friends, General Cole and Major Pearce. They left home for a trip around the world a few days after us, going the other way. We saw them on our arrival at Calcutta and now bade them good-bye not to meet again until at St. Louis.

At nine o'clock in the evening we were off by rail, for the sacred city of Benares running, as we could see, through a level plain country and were told by our room-mate in the car—an Englishman—that this was the character of the country away up to Lahore, some 1,300 miles. The great plains of India are a reality and immense in extent. We arrived at Benares for tiffin, and there took a guide, who claimed to be a very high caste Hindoo. We went first to the Monkey Temple. This is in reality a temple of Kali, or as she is sometimes called, Durga, one of the most bloodthirsty, vile and obscene of all the Hindoo mythology. They formerly made human sacrifices to her but that is not allowed now. Her shrine is set in a large court and when the bell rings devotees kneel before the



NATIVES OF BHUTAN.

image and pray. Outside the platform of stone, on which is the shrine inclosing the image, is an open space some eight feet wide in which one can walk, then a stone platform and outside of it a wall some twenty feet high, with lots of monkeys about. We bought grain and rice cakes for them and distributed it, the fellows did not care for the grain, but greedily took the rice cakes. A crowd of begging priests and common beggars surrounded us and as the architecture was poor and we were not allowed to tease or amuse ourselves with the animals, we soon left and went to see a remarkable hermit who dwells in the garden of the Rajah of Amiti. He sits under a stone pavilion open on all sides and seems a zealous believer in the Brahminical faith, and will reason of righteousness and the judgment to come very fluently. He seems to be highly endowed, was very pleasant, wears only one garment, and that a simple wide band of cotton. The Rajah furnishes him food and he sleeps under the pavilion on the pavement. His life is so temperate that his wants are few. He gave us a copy of his life story printed in English with portrait, and politely declined any remuneration. He readily consented to Charles taking his photograph with a kodak. The natives all consider

him a saint. We then rode through long streets to the river, took a boat and started along the shore to see the Ghats, which are rows of stone steps leading down to the water and into it. Many of them are quite wide. We passed along from one to another, noticing the people in boats, or bathing, until we came to the principal burning Ghat, where are consumed the larger part of the corpses cremated here. The afternoon is apparently chosen more especially for the purpose. We had passed a party of four on our way conveying a body. It rested on a very plain wooden trestle, simply clothed in white cotton. There were no other attendants or mourners. They proceeded at a rapid pace, singing or chanting in a sing song tone, some words the purport of which I did not learn. We saw many of them always going in the same way at a fast pace and with the same song or a similar one, but some had many followers who our guide said were relatives, as also were the bearers, and that the dead were always carried by relatives. They attract no notice in passing through the streets. On arriving at the Ghat the body is laid down near or more often partly in the water and preparations made for cremation. The wood is purchased and brought there, a pile made, the body put on it, more wood put over it, then it is slightly



HINDOO HOLY MAN, BENARES.

sprinkled with the water of the Ganges, then oil is sprinkled on the wood and it is ready for ignition. Then the nearest relative must go to the fire agent, who is alone authorized to sell the sacred fire, which he gets in a sheaf of straw or reeds; he then walks five times around the pyre, each time touching it with the straw on the sides and ends, and finally liberating the sheaf it bursts into a blaze, and touching the pile repeatedly it is all soon burning. One then sits watching the fire, occasionally putting the brands up so as to be more effective, until the body is consumed, or nearly so, the intestines are often not entirely burned, and I saw one of these fellows when the fire was nearly ended, take a pole, stick it into the half destroyed abdomen, and throw the remains into the river right before our eyes for the fish. Our appetite for fish in India failed after this. At last the attendant puts water on the coals and throws the ashes in the Ganges. It is said the government helps pay the cost of cremating the poor Hindoos. The rich have plenty of wood and are usually well consumed, but the ashes must be thrown into the Ganges, for that is the great sacred purifier of body and soul. After the ashes are thus disposed of, they gather up with a screen all the floating coals for fuel. I saw quite a pile of

this wet charcoal thus gathered, it having been screened to throw out the ashes. I saw six bodies lying there at once, one, with a pink covering, which came with many mourners. It was just set down with feet in the water, two others were recently put on piles, and three were burning. We saw several fires lighted and went on shore and observed them closely that evening and again the next morning. We rowed up the river the whole length of the Ghats, came back to our landing and then went to our hotel. All along the Ghats are fine and sometimes expensive buildings, built by various Indian Rajahs for themselves and their children, who come here to die by the sacred river and be burned and their ashes thrown in to insure eternal happiness. These houses are placed on the bank directly overlooking and commanding a fine view of the river and adjacent country opposite. Next morning early we went again and took a boat, and passed up and down two miles in front of all the Ghats to see the immense crowd who were bathing. This bathing in the Ganges is especially holy, and morning is the holiest time, as the sun is near the horizon, just beneficently casting his rays on man and nature. Sun worship seems to be all over the East—if not a fact, yet a thought, for I have seen the Shintoists and Budd-



BURNING THE DEAD AT BENARES.

hists in Japan bow to it at its first appearance, and here they made salaams to it and poured out libations to it as it arose opposite and across the river. I specially noticed an apparently wealthy woman. She came in a covered boat, landing right alongside where ours was temporarily located, with two servants. She was clothed in a light drapery nearly cream color with a yellow vine running up and down it. The cloth was fine and looked like silk, she had both gold and silver bangles on her ankles, and similar bracelets on her wrists. She walked off the boat carefully, her face almost covered, went to the land over an intervening boat, then giving her overgarments to her servants, she stepped carefully down to the water and into it gradually deeper until about at the waist, then joined her hands at the sides, making thus a sort of cup, filled them with water from the river, looked at the sun, said a prayer or invocation and gradually let the water run out over the ends of her fingers toward the east. This she did three times, then put some water in her mouth, stooped slowly down, submerging herself entirely three times, then gradually withdrew from the water, slowly went up the steps and had her servants slip dry garments over her while adroitly dropping the wet ones so nicely that her person was not a bit ex-

posed. She then went off to the temples, I suppose, to finish her worship. She had a refined, genteel look, and was very dainty in all her movements, and I presume, was annoyed at my observing her, especially her face, which the high caste Hindoo women as well as the Mahometans hide from the sight of men. There were two boats alongside of us, gotten up gorgeously, and our guide said they belonged to some Rajah, and that his ladies were inside. There were hundreds of men and low class women bathing all around, but few high caste women expose their faces at all. One may be sure that nearly all women whose faces he sees in the roads or streets are Pariahs or depraved. I have seen common peasant women with breasts and face covered and abdomen partially exposed, going along the highway carrying loads on the head. We spent two hours in rowing up and down the river, seeing the great crowd from all parts of India; pilgrims come from remote parts of the country, hundreds of miles off, in great numbers, very many quite poor. They come with a bamboo pole over the shoulder, bearing at the ends their meagre food, few dishes, and rags of clothing. They sleep by the roadside or on the floor at rest houses. As they came in town they struck up a song in a chanting manner and went



A BATHING GHAT, BENARES.



directly to the river. There are very many of the city people who bathe here frequently and the varied colors of their clothes make a most striking and effective display. Red in its varied shades, green, white, yellow and lavender predominate, and the scene was peculiar and interesting. All through India we saw the evident taste these dark-skinned people have for bright colors without regard to distinctions of caste, religion or condition, and these vivid colors set off their dark faces nicely. With our clothing they would look sombre indeed. We saw many whom our guide called fakirs, and many priests, the former had ashes spread over their faces and some over their nearly naked bodies. Fakirs are not jugglers but religious devotees; many of them are repulsively dirty, yet they live on the charity of the credulous believers and get contributions of rice and pice (little monies) enough to keep them from starving. They rarely have any clothes save a loin cloth of coarse cotton. Many of the priests our guide pointed out to us had fine silk clothing. I suppose that morning there must have been nearly 3,000 people bathing in the river. After leaving the boat we went on the top of a house belonging to the Rajah of Jeypore, where was an astronomical observatory, built many years ago by Jey Singh,

an ancestor of the present Rajah, who made many valuable observations from this roof, which was arranged specially for that purpose with stone sundials, quadrants, circles, etc. He reformed the calendar and did other very valuable astronomical work. He had five different observatories in India. They are some 200 years old. We then went to the so-called Golden Temple. It is not large, has three domes, two of which are copper gilded. Most of the temples are small and look mean after Madura, Trichinopoly and Tanjore. Then we went to the so-called Well of Knowledge, supposed to be sacred from Vishnu having had something to do with it. We saw the top covered with flowers given by the faithful and thrown into the well. It is said that in summer their decay makes a disagreeable and unhealthy odor. We saw only from the edge of the platform as we were not holy enough to be allowed to look in close; all about it was wet and dirty. We went then to the Cow Temple where were housed in stone alcoves, around a court, many nice-looking cows. There was a shrine in the center. We had seen several of these animals lying and standing about the Ghats for some purpose connected with their worship. This temple was in fact nothing but a malodorous stable. The cows and bulls are very gentle things.



GOLDEN TEMPLE AND WELL OF KNOWLEDGE, BENARES.

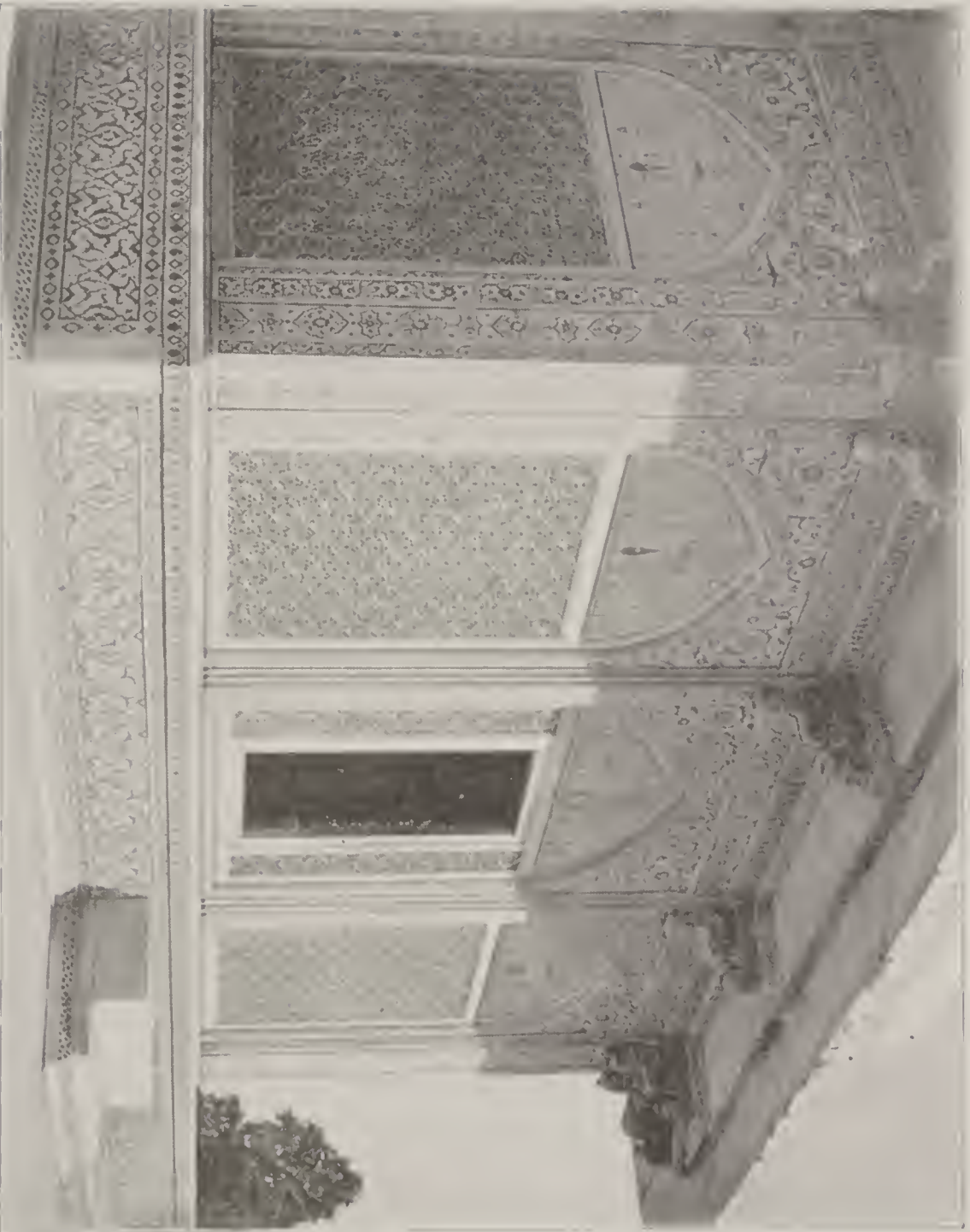


But we found little difficulty in refusing backshish for such a sight. Some of these animals are very large and draw great loads. I don't know where the distinction as to sacredness comes in, but those in the temple and on the Ghats were not large. All about this part of the town we had to go through narrow alleys, not more than six feet wide, and were crowded by not over-clean natives, and were finally pleased to get out into the open air. There are lots of so-called temples in Benares, but they are in the main only shrines.

CHAPTER VI.

We went from Benares to Fyzabad and spent the night there, as we could not engage rooms at Lucknow owing to the races. At F. we saw the mausoleum or tomb of the Babu Begum, the great lady spoken of by Sheridan in his speech against Warren Hastings, as having been badly treated by that great man. It is an imitation of the Taj of Agra, but a far off one. It is the finest, however, in all the Province of Oudh, and in our country it would be thought very remarkable, and deservedly so, for its design and extent, and would draw thousands to see it. It is 140 feet high and from the top there is a fine view of the country, a great plain.

The mausoleum is placed in a large enclosed garden, and nearby is the tomb of the Begum's husband not so fine. This we visited next morning, passing through the town and by many monkeys on houses and fences and in the streets; no one molests them, but many feed them; they are to a certain extent sacred being under protection of the monkey god. We arrived at Lucknow at ten o'clock in the morning and were fortunate enough to get the only two vacant rooms at the Royal Hotel. We went out



UPPER PART OF TOMB OF ITIMAD-UD-DAULAH, AGRA.



soon to see the place so ably defended during the mutiny, The Residency. This was the residence of the English commander of the post, a large brick establishment with houses adjoining, sufficient for a high official with his retinue. It seems remarkable that this establishment should have accommodated 1,000 men, women and children during the siege; 326 of the two last were housed in a large cellar for safety. The mutiny commenced in May, 1857, and the final and complete relief was not effected until November 17th, although Havelock arrived on August 25th and strongly reinforced the defenders. All this long time the English troops were dying in battle, or of wounds and sickness, but there was no other way than to fight to the end, for Nana Sahib was a brute and wholly without honor, as his conduct at Cawnpore showed. We saw the room where General Lawrence was shot: while writing an order he was struck by a piece of shell. What a horrible time for the men who fought and the women and children who were thus so long besieged! The cemetery with its 2,000 dead of the mutiny tells the terrible tale. I do not wonder that when the long fight was over, and many of the faithless Sepoys were in their power, with the horrid memories of Cawnpore and the struggles at Lucknow, to say nothing of the many mur-

ders of officers everywhere by these native troops, in mind, that there was a summary and terrible vengeance. Hanging is a terrible death to a Hindoo, as he thinks his soul must depart from his body in an impure direction, also being torn to pieces from the cannon's mouth is equally degrading, so these two methods of punishment were adopted as a lasting lesson. We may think it cruel, but I am sure in their place, we would have done the same. Neither do I much blame the brave Twelfth and Ninety-third Highlanders and the Fourth Sikh Regiment who broke into the Sikandara Bagh (Alexander Garden) and left none alive of the 2,000 Sepoys there. We saw the spot. It is still as then, a large garden, surrounded by a wall twenty feet high, and but a short distance from the residency—a mile or so. It occurred just after the relief of Lucknow. The Sepoys rushed in there, thinking to go out by another gate, but there was none. They tried to shut the one they went in at, but three white officers and a loyal native one got in, followed by their soldiers, and made a finish of the mutineers. The great Imambarah and tomb of Asafu Daulah is very peculiar and striking, built at a cost of \$5,000,000; also, a great and fine mosque and the tomb of Hussain, in a square with a water reservoir, and the palace of General Martin, the son of a French



JAMA MASJID OR GREAT MOSQUE, AGRA.

cooper, who rose to great importance and wealth, first rising to rank of Captain in the British army, and afterwards entering the service of the Nawab of Oudh. It has a great lake (artificial) in front, with a high tower in the center, and it is said there was a subterranean and subaqueous passage from palace to tower. It is a very singular and striking building and is now used for a boys' school or academy. It was easy in those old days to obtain a fortune in India if one had the favor of a native Prince or a fortunate place in the army, but the trees that were loaded with golden mohurs or lakhs of silver rupees, have been so often and thoroughly shaken that few or none now remain on the branches, and the days when young men and boys went out as clerks and after a few years came back to England with great fortunes are long since passed. The accumulation of money there now, is slow, and only by careful attention to trade, with moderate gains as the result. There is a fine club house near there containing portraits of a great many Rajahs and Nawabs. We had an extensive view of the country from the Great Imambarah. There are trees scattered everywhere, and the landscape is very pleasing, just as it has been all along, but quite level. Everywhere through the country we noticed trees growing along the roads and many seat-

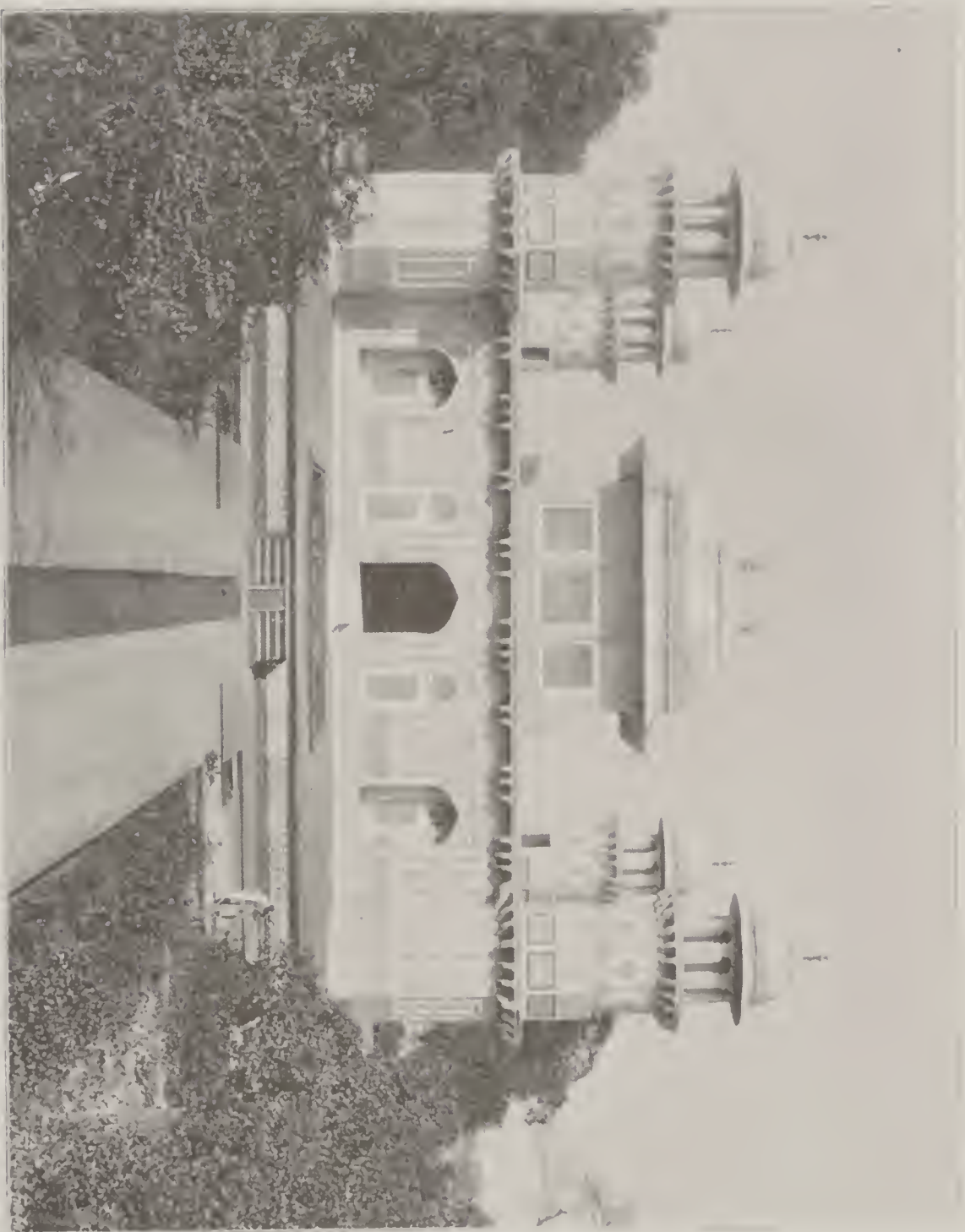
tering ones in fields. But twenty-four hours was our allotment for Lucknow (too little) and we were off for Cawnpore. There we saw the fateful well, into which the rebel chief threw some 200 English, mainly women and children, the dying with the dead; and the Angel of the Resurrection statue over it. Now it is the center of a well kept park. Then to the beautiful Memorial church, handsomely built and in fine condition, close to the little enclosed defense ground, where the fighting occurred, and which was so untenable a position that the English were finally obliged to surrender. The boundaries are plainly marked out. Then we went to the Ghat where Nana fired on the surrendered English, men, women and children, taking the women for a fate worse than death and leaving only four men alive, who, escaping, told the horrid tale. There is a burning Ghat near here, across the Ganges, where corpses are cremated. I am sure this practice and the general use of the water for drinking purposes cause much of the illness among the natives. I asked Dr. Wilcox at Agra about it and he said enteric fever was the prevailing disease. But of late they are trying to stop the throwing of anything but ashes in the water they say; although I saw no effort to prevent the impurities going in



DELHI GATE OF FORT, AGRA.

at Benares. I was told, too, that they have now built waterworks in many of the cities and that great benefit has resulted to health and in diminution of the death rate. But I never drank water in India except at Darjeeling and Mount Abou. Soda, beer and wine were our beverages, but we all would have preferred water if we could have secured it pure. We left the same evening for Agra, arriving at midnight, and next morning as soon as we could get a little breakfast (*chota hazri*) and were refreshed generally, we were off for the celebrated fort, which is a great and very strong enclosure of stone on a commanding place overlooking the Jumna River. It is surrounded by a great moat and contains some remarkable structures. The Pearl Mosque, the first fine building one sees, is made entirely of white marble, in Saracenic style, with a great court and tank in the center; then the palace, with its great and little audience chambers, *Diwan-i-am* and *Diwan-i-Khas*, the one public and the other private; then the various apartments for the Emperor and his various Queens, the place for a great game of chess or draughts, where real men stood for kings, queens, castles, pawns, etc.; then a great artificial pond, enclosed by marble walls, for the ladies to fish in; a bazaar for women to come at stated times to sell things to the harem, no men

being allowed to see them; the lovely Jasmine Tower, from which Shah Jehan could look a mile away across the river to his wonderful Taj and see where his favorite Queen lay in imperial state sleeping her last sleep; then there were the rooms for the Hindoo Queen, a most extensive suite, all of red sandstone, beautifully carved, the apartments for the Mohammedan Queens being of white marble; one can hardly describe the strange and wonderfully luxurious rooms, halls, courts, etc., in this palace fort. We spent three hours going through it and came back another day, and would gladly have made repeated visits had we remained longer. In the main the marble part is in good condition; the red sandstone has not stood so well. They made restorations of parts of several rooms to show the Prince of Wales what it was in its perfection. It was injured by Shah Jehan's son, who hated the Hindoo religion, and considering the 240 years since Shah Jehan built the marble part, its preservation in such beauty is remarkable. By a strange fate he was shut up in a small room about 8x12, in this palace, by his son Aurungzeb, under pretense that he was insane and wasting the revenues of his kingdom in building. He spent in this way many millions of pounds sterling, the Taj alone having cost, it is said, over £2,000,000,



TOMB OF I'TIMAD-DAULAH, AGRA.

or \$10,000,000, and when one thinks what this is in a country where men work for a very few cents a day and that thousands worked without pay on it, they being forced so to do, it can easily be seen that this was an immense outlay on a tomb for a favorite Queen. But the world will always thank him for it. We drove in the afternoon to Sikandara, seven miles out, to see the tomb of Akbar, a very remarkable affair indeed; in fact, if there was no Taj it would be wonderful. It is made of sandstone inlaid with white marble, and is of great size, and has three magnificent gateways. The tomb is on the top and the view from there very extensive, taking in all Agra and far beyond it. It is a continuance of the great plain we had seen all the way from Calcutta, interspersed with trees just as it is away up to Lahore, and I don't know how much farther: going southwest from Delhi one sees hills and some mountains, but they are west and south, and far off. We rode back to town and across the river to see the wonderful tomb of I'timadu Daulah, or Ghayas Beg, Treasurer of Emperor Jehangir. It is of white marble beautifully inlaid with flowers made of precious stones and fine colored marbles, in a style similar to the Taj, the whole work being of marvelous fineness, nearly equal to that of the Taj, but the proportions and

grandeur of design are much inferior; yet, if it was in our country we would enclose it in a glass case to keep the frost from destroying it, and all of our 70,000,000 people would come to see it. None of these great works could last with us, the ever-destroying frost would put in its many wedges and gradually tear them down. Here it never freezes. After dinner, at 9:30 p. m., by moonlight, we rode out to have our first view of the Taj Mahal, the sky was cloudless and the moon full; the wonderful marble structure shone in the light like a fairy creation. We approached through a magnificent gateway of proportions almost as grand as the Taj, of red sandstone, a hundred feet in height with white marble inlaid work. There are two pavements lined with funereal evergreens, flanked by deciduous trees and flowering plants. In the center between the two pavements is a long basin filled with water: it runs the whole distance to the Taj, some 800 feet, except that it is broken in the center by a cross platform for some thirty feet, which is four or five feet high, and on which is a basin running across and filled with gold and silver fish; frequent fountain jets can be set spouting into these basins; there are seats at the side of the cross basin from which one can enjoy the view of the Taj and garden. Passing along, you come to the



TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

first platform on which rests the beginning of the foundation of the great building. It is of red sandstone some 440 feet wide and say six feet high above the ground: on one side is a large mosque of the same material and inlaid with marble, and on the opposite side is a similar building, not used as a mosque, but built to correspond and for symmetry. In the center of the platform rises another platform of marble equi-distant from the sides and 18 feet high, 313 feet square, with a white marble minaret on each corner 133 feet high. The Taj stands in the center of this platform, a miracle of art, which never will be equaled or repeated; it cannot be described: the exterior is grand and beautiful and the interior is marvelous for its fine proportions, exquisite marble carvings and lovely ornamentation, set in flowers of charming patterns and lovely colors in precious stones, turquoises, rubies and diamonds: some, immensely valuable, were stolen, but the greater part still are there and the loss does not show very much except in the tomb below ground. The building is peerless. We descended into the room below, where the real tomb is situated and which, before it was robbed was far richer in ornament and jewels than the cenotaph above. The original doors were of silver, and were also stolen by the

Mahrattas, but they can be spared. We roamed around, thinking this fairy dream might vanish, so ethereal and lovely it seemed, and finally went back to our hotel to dream of it and to forever feel that the wonders of this palace tomb had not been exaggerated. I paid two other visits to it, both in the afternoon, and lost none of my admiration for it. On the rear the walls rise directly from the river Jumna, and the Taj at its top is 240 feet above it. Seventeen miles from Agra is the very remarkable city of Futtehpore Sikra, once the capital of the Mogul Empire. It was built by the great Akbar on account of a holy Mussulman anchorite, named Selim Chisti, who lived there in a cavern and to whom he was very much attached. Here in a desert, far from water, was a great city built with splendid palaces, great mosques and other fine buildings, to say nothing of the houses of a less pretentious character. After the death of the holy man, a tomb was constructed for him, fit for an emperor. When, however, he was gone, Akbar began to see that the place was unsuitable for so important a metropolis and in 1584 abandoned it for a new location at the present city of Agra, where the Jumna gives always a supply of water for man and beast. Here arose the most

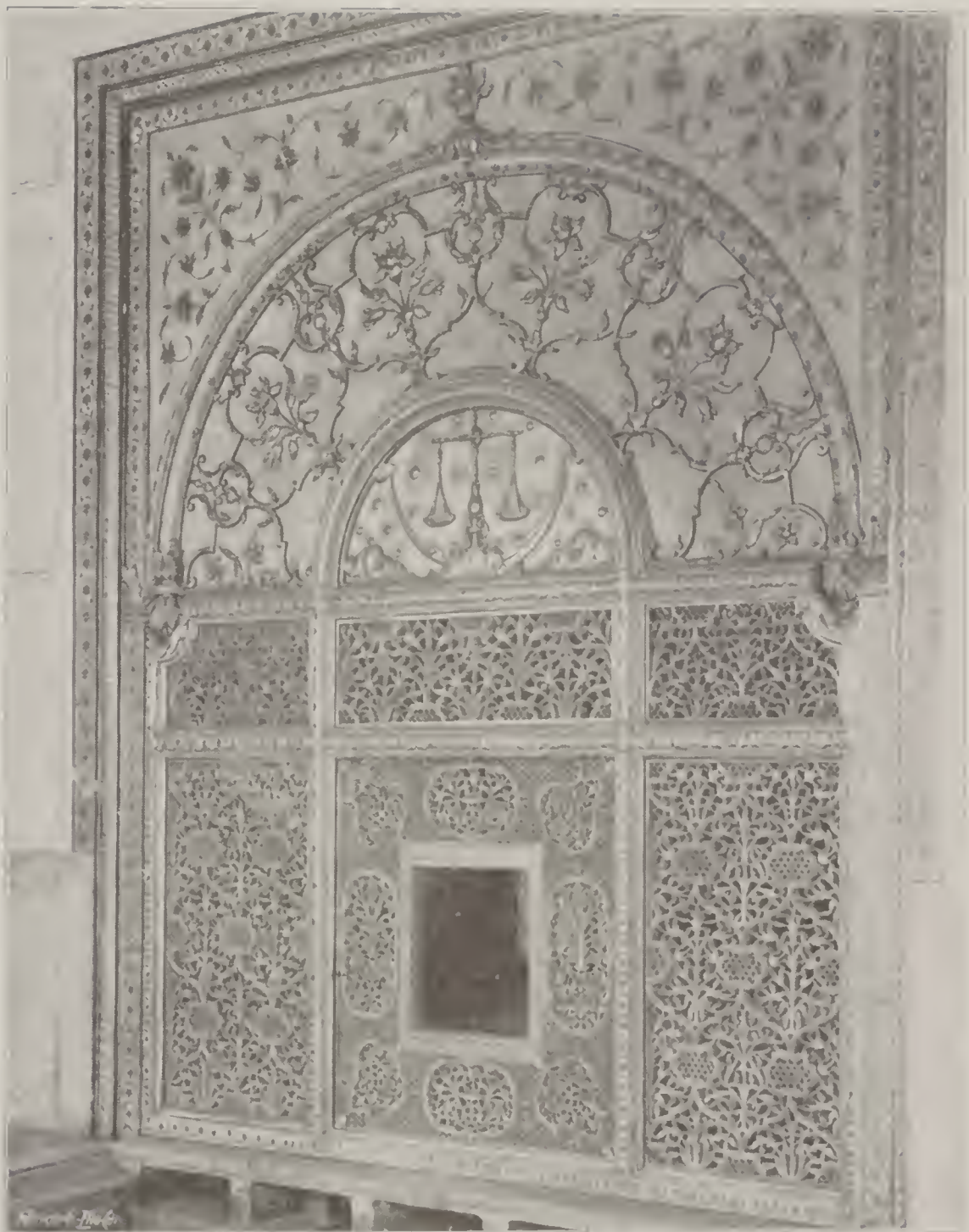


THE PANCH MAHAL, BITHOOR, SIKR A.

remarkable city of India, considering its various tombs, fort, etc., which, however, in these attractive respects is mainly due to Akbar's successors. Many of the former great attractions of Futtehpore Sikra are more or less in ruins, but the most important buildings yet remain to amply repay a long journey to visit. They are now guarded by English soldiers and it is to be hoped may be carefully preserved for many years. The architecture is fine; similar in many respects to much of the finest work in Agra and Delhi, but some peculiar and different. The Sultana's Pavilion with its large marble basin filled with water for bathing, etc., entered by stone steps, the Panch Mahal, a fanciful construction of five stories, each receding from the other like enormous steps (see picture) it is said, was a child's play-house. Then the mosque and mausoleum of Selim Chisti, both very beautiful, and there are several chapels besides, near the mosque. Some of the descendants of the saint are yet in charge of his tomb and receive pay, from money left hundreds of years ago for the purpose. A strange city is Futtehpore Sikra.

We went from Agra to Delhi regretfully, although the latter is also a place of surpassing interest among the cities of the world. It too, has a fort with a great name in history, noted first for its

capture by the rebels in 1857 and the gallantry of the English troops in its recapture, and secondly, because, although not so interesting for the interior as that of Agra, it contains some lovely buildings, built by Shah Jehan, especially the palace, of which much was destroyed, but there still remains the grand Public Reception Hall or Diwan-i-Am of great size, made of red sandstone, and supported by many pillars. It has in the center against the wall a fine throne of marble, raised about ten feet from the floor, with beautiful figures of birds, etc. in mosaic of fine-colored precious stones, and carvings behind and around it of stone. This hall is open on three sides as is also the great Audience Hall at Agra, so too the Pearl Mosque at Agra is open in front and, in fact, all the fine mosques we saw were so open always, for there is no cold here to require closed rooms, and so if the sermon is long, one can slip out without disturbing the faithful, but their worship is short and generally, I think, without much preaching, although I was told the mollahs sometimes preach. The private Hall of Audience or Diwan-i-Khas of the Palace is beautifully made of white marble and ornamented with gilt in charming patterns, and is open on all sides. It overlooks the Jumna River in the rear. It was of this room and location that



MARBLE SCREEN, QUEEN'S APARTMENTS, DELHI.

it was said by the Persian poet and inscribed on its walls :

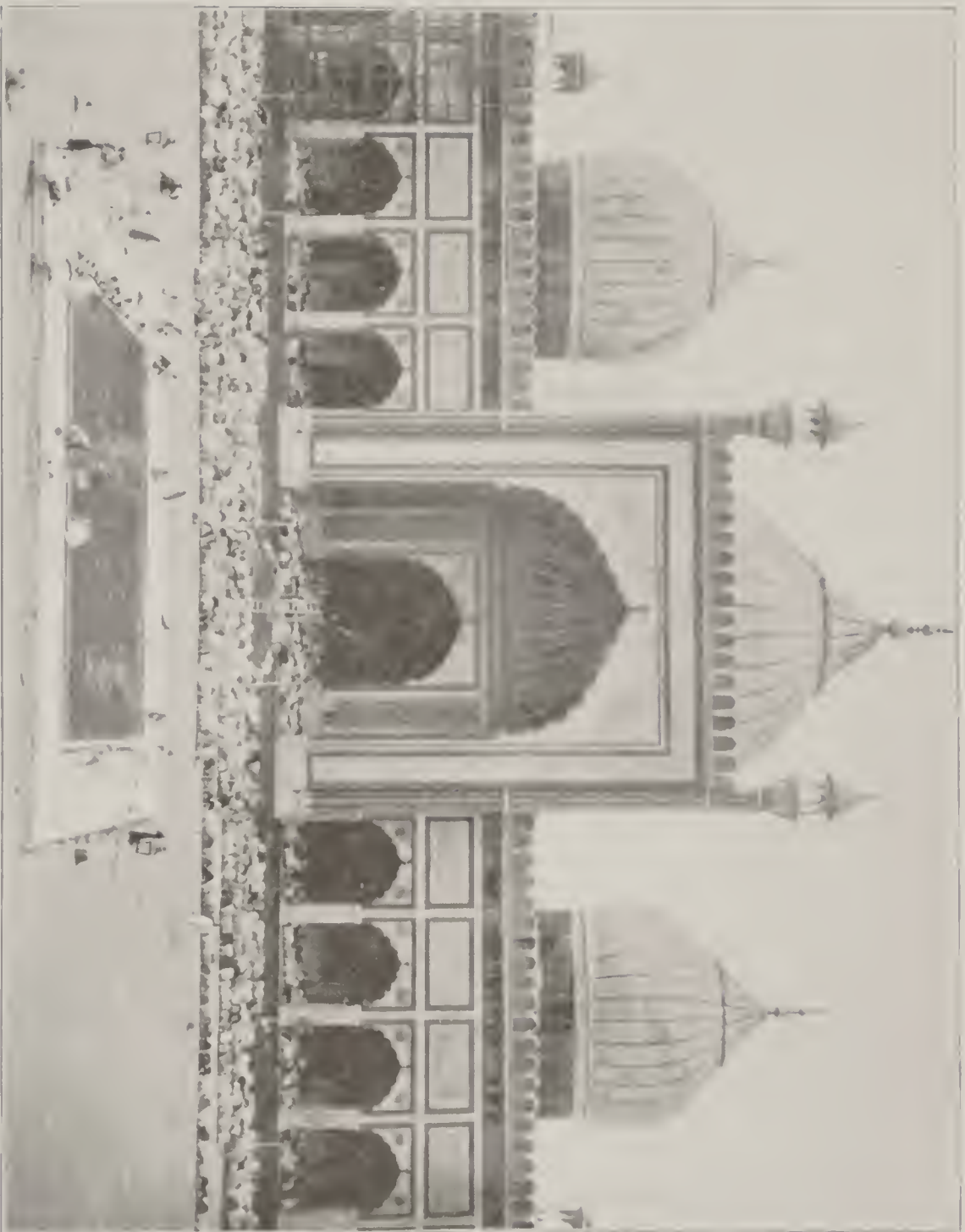
“If on earth there be an Eden of bliss,
It is this, it is this, none but this.”

Adjoining are beautiful marble baths, and on the opposite side of the Diwan-i-Khas are the women's apartments. They are very beautiful. All these buildings are of white marble, and are only a part of the magnificent palace once there. What a grand pageant it must have been when the emperor was there in all his glory on the Golden Peacock throne, himself all gorgeously attired in silk and gold, adorned with diamonds, sapphires, rubies and emeralds, the peacocks of golden bodies with imitation of feathers in precious stones, a parrot carved from a single great emerald suspended overhead! Then fancy the magnificence of the courtiers composing the assembly in their gorgeous apparel!

But this great monarch was shut up in a narrow room to die, and nearly a 100 years later (in 1739) came the Persian Nadir Shah and after massaering a vast number of the people, carried off this throne and an immense wealth of gold and jewels, estimated to have been worth from £30,000,000 to £70,000,000, the peacock throne alone being of £6,000,000 value. Among the trophies was the

Koh-i-noor. We ought to be thankful that they did not destroy these beautiful buildings.

At 1:30 p. m. we went to the Jumma Musjid—Great Mosque—celebrated as being the largest in the world ever built for that purpose—St. Sophia having been built for a church. We were not allowed to go into the open court even: not to speak of entering the Mosque itself, as worship was about to commence. We were shown into a tower at the entrance, from which we walked along a roof over cloisters opening inwards, around to the main entrance tower, directly opposite the open mosque, from which we saw everything perfectly, although the front of it was some 250 feet away. There was a square tank in the center of the open court filled with water always running, each of the worshippers, as they came in, went to it, washed hands and feet, and then walked barefooted to pray. The Mosque itself was first filled, the floor being divided into spaces marked by white marble centers, outlined with black. These were about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet by 5 feet each space intended for a worshipper. When the mosque was filled they formed in corresponding lines in the court in front of it and many were in the cloisters, all looking in the same way at once, and from time to time bowed to the pavement, touched it with their fore-



PRAYING AT THE JAMIA MASJID, DELHI.

heads, then again half rose to a sitting posture, again bowed, then arose to their feet and went again through the same inclinations as the words of the Mollah inside, repeated by others in front near the steps, indicated, those not hearing acted in concert either from knowing what was to be done or from example. The mosque proper is 201 feet long by 120 broad, so I estimate there were over 2,100 inside and there must have been as many out in the court and cloisters, and yet a vast space was unoccupied. After some twenty minutes they began to rise and move away. Many, however, remained bowed down, praying some minutes longer. A little later we saw a bed or a bier with a sick or dead person lying on it, brought to the tank. The chief Priest or Mollah came out and stood by its side, and next the water, then there was a short service. I could not see what it was, owing to the intervening crowd. I judged it must have been sprinkling some of the holy water from the tank on the body or person. A green cloth was thrown over it. No other mosque I ever saw compares with this one for size, and while not such a gem as the Moti Musjid of Agra, yet its architecture is very grand and imposing: it is of red sandstone, with much inlaying of marble ornaments, the domes also are of white mar-

ble, and the galleries in the gateways which are approached by grand flights of steps, and from which there are fine views of the country. There is another one at Indrapat—Kill'a Kona Mosque—very fine, and a grand one at Lahore, which resembles this, and both are great works of art, but this is the finest and largest. We paid another visit to it afterward and went all over, in and above the mosque, when, of course, there was no service. The enclosure is about 375 feet square, as I found it by pacing across one way: from the top is a fine view of the city and country, taking in the ruins of Indrapat and Ferozabad, adjacent, and reaching the great Koutub Minar, eleven miles away, that loomed up its 240 feet in air, and another pillar—Asoka's—supposed to be much over 2,000 years old, was nearer in the same direction; its inscriptions are laws, thus published: so, too, we could see Humayun's tomb, a grand building, some three miles off; in another direction was the fine monument to the memory of the heroes who fell in the mutiny war of 1857 near and at Delhi: then, the great town itself, with its 193,000 people, right around and below us. The view of the anxious devout crowd of Moslems in all colors, from plain white to glowing red, green, yellow, lavender and purple, made a panorama I shall never for-



TOMB OF THE EMPEROR HUMAYUN, DELHI.

get. Wonderful Agra! Wonderful Delhi! Two places can scarcely be found where more of interest centers, both in the remarkable present and the grand recollections of the past. How this land has been fought over and for; the waves of conquest have rolled over it time and again from the days of Cyrus and Alexander down through the times of Timour, the Moguls, the Mahrattas and Persians. The French tried to conquer India and failed. All their domain is lost to them save a little spot near Calcutta, and another at Pondicherry, where their flag finds room to float; they have given way, and the light-haired people of an island whose ancestors were savage when civilization and the arts existed here, have gradually more and more gained control, until practically the whole land from China and Siam on the east to the Arabian sea on the west, from Ceylon, the Bay of Bengal and the Indian ocean on the south to the great Himalayas in the north, is under their control, and it is, I believe, the best, and, on the whole, much the most just rule the land ever had, and yet, while admitting this to be true, it is said many of the natives would, if it were possible, gladly welcome a native reign, and those living where native Princes have rule and dominion—under watch and ultimate control

of England, their suzerain—are very loyal to their native lords.

We left Delhi (pronounced Del-le, not *Del-hi*) for Lahore at night, with similar feelings of regret as on our departure from Agra, arriving there next morning at five, going directly to the hotel, and after a nice nap took a nine o'clock breakfast and then went out to see the city. First to the Fort, another Mogul erection of Shah Jehan; it has not nearly so many or so great attractions as Agra and Delhi. There is, however, a fine view of the surrounding country from it. There is a Pearl Mosque and a looking-glass room or rooms in which the walls and ceilings are covered with pieces of mirror glass; perhaps, originally, the effect might have been good, but now it has a tinsel look, but there is some fine marble lace work in it. There is also a good museum of arms in the Fort, which has some very rare and curious old pieces well worthy of preservation. In the distance, a mile and a half off, is Jehangir's tomb, but we did not go there. Opposite is the great Mosque I spoke of as among those next in importance to Delhi and Indrapat. It is very fine and pretty well kept up. In the tower, over the principal entrance, is kept (and shown for a consideration) with great care and



MOLLAH OF JUMMA MUSJID, LAHORE.

reverence a remarkable relic, think of it, a hair of Mahomet's beard. We went up stairs, an iron door was unlocked, then another, and there we saw the precious relic, a little bristly red hair. Near by, in the same case, were some other relics, some cotton cloth, supposed to have been part of his robe, a prayer carpet, green turban, etc. No doubt they edify the pious very much and are just as reliable and effective as the many thorns from the crown of our Savior, or bones of various saints. We were very much edified by an emphatic dissertation on Allah and Mahomet given us by an attending priest, of which we only understood "La Ilah illa Allah, wa Mohammed Rasoul Allah"—God is God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God. But as our German Joanna said about Father Ryan, whom she went to hear, she did not understand him, but "he made it very good in the face." But we found he wanted pay for his preaching (not an uncommon thing)—bakshish, everybody here in India wants it; the boy who brought our purchases from the store asked it; the washerman wanted it in addition to his bill; the syce who, without our request, rode behind on our gharry, begged it; the driver from whom we hired the vehicle demanded it; the clerk with whom we dealt at a tailor shop wanted it. Bakshish is the best

known word and the one most often used in India as it is in Egypt and Turkey. Even children cry for it.

The Mosque is built much like the great Mosque of Delhi, at one end of a great square, with corridors on the sides extending to the tower gateway in front, and with a tank in the center filled with water. A little way off is a marble building, a sort of pavilion, built by Ranjit Singh; the marble is said to have been stolen from the tombs of Emperor Jehangir and Empress Nur Jehan, at Shadara, near here.

We enjoyed riding through the bazaars and streets of the native city. The houses have balconies and projecting or oriel windows; many of these have fine plaster or stone lacework screens for windows, so the women can look out and see without being seen. We saw some who did not take advantage of the screens. There is here a very large and fine museum containing specimens of the products, minerals and manufactures of the Punjab, besides many archæological curiosities, also many specimens of pottery, etc. They have quite a large park here and a very fair zoological garden in it with many specimens of birds and animals, a lake or pond with many aquatic birds, and a large collection of monkeys. We saw one in a cage suddenly jump ten feet and snatch off the turban of a native; another grabbed a cane and after a struggle gained

possession of it; he then broke into a most uproarious fit of laughter, but after a time he let the man have it again. Another, chained outside on a little hill, would pick up and hurl back with great spirit stones thrown at him, as if he resented the insult as much as a man. The native princes have given a great number, perhaps the most, of the specimens of lions, tigers, hyenas, etc. We were very glad we came up to Lahore, and if there had been time would have gone further, to Peshawar and the Khyber Pass.

But next morning we left for Amritsar, the favorite city and former capital of the Sikhs when they were a people with a government of their own. Here is the golden temple of their faith, which is peculiar, and arose through an effort by a Mussulman to convert the Hindoos from idolatry to monotheism, but they are not at all Mahometan; they have a book called the Granth, which is their Bible, and is listened to with great reverence. At one time their ruler, for they had a civil as well as spiritual head, had a great army of 72,000 men, and ruled a large country; this was Ranjit Singh, but finally his successor quarreled with the English and murdered some of their envoys, which was the cause of wars which, in 1849,

brought the whole Sikh part of the Punjab into the control of the English. Their religion originated about A. D. 1500. The men are larger than East Indians generally, and are much trusted by the English.

The temple is situated in a large artificial lake or tank in the center of the city. One walks out to it over a causeway of marble and finds the priest sitting at one side reading from the Granth and receiving gifts. He sent us each a little sugar cup, for which he expected a rupee. We went upstairs on the roof; all about there is finely gilded; we did not see their treasures, but did see the silver doors, not solid, but of thick, heavy sheet plate. The lower part of the temple, say some fifteen or eighteen feet high, is of white marble, but all above is gilded heavily, and the general appearance is quite effective, as it gives its golden reflection in the water which fills a space 470 feet square. The causeway leading to the temple is about 200 feet long and the temple is only 65 feet wide. There are fine houses, called bungalhs, in front, owned by great Sikh chiefs who come here from time to time to stop and worship awhile; then also a great tower connected with the temple, on shore, and a garden of thirty acres; in the trees in it, hanging by their



THE GOLDEN TEMPLE, AMRITSAR.

toes, are multitudes of the flying foxes I spoke of as first seeing at Madura. We were asked to take off our shoes before ascending the tower, but as we had already done that before going into the temple, and finding it inconvenient to thus lace and unlace, we declined, and went instead upon a minaret nearby, just as high, where we got a charming view of city and country. We could look right down into the houses and courts about us, and saw many people on the housetops enjoying the air. One must be in the East to realize the sleeping on housetops spoken of in the Bible. "Let him that is on the housetop not come down," especially in a summer night. Almost all houses have flat roofs, and in the heat of summer it is by far the pleasantest place to sleep.

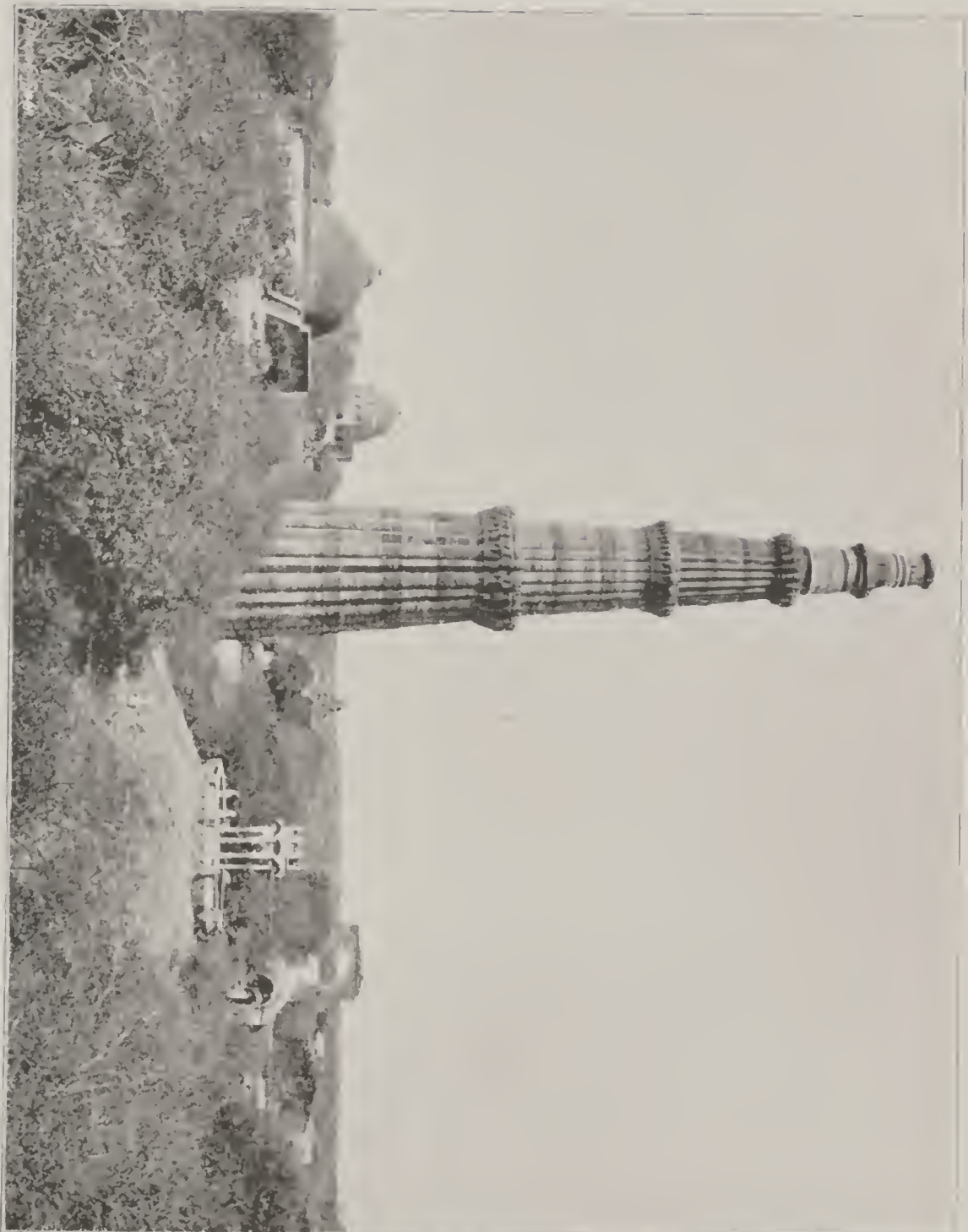
We were harrassed by fellows who wished to sell us the various stuffs made here and north and east of here in Persia, Cashmere, Bokhara, etc. They just chased us down, hung on our carriage, and when put off, followed, each denouncing the others as cheats. We did not visit any of them, as our time was too short, but we did go into a great carpet factory of Sahei Chumba Mull, 1,750 feet long, where were a multitude of boys, sometimes four to six at a single loom, weaving the so-called Persian carpets.

The looms are ranged side by side in the narrow building with a lane or passage at the side running its whole length. The work is quite interesting; they simply follow the pattern, but it takes an immense deal of training to fit them for the work. We saw carpets and rugs from 12 rupees per square yard to 100, say from \$6 to \$50 in silver. The latter was made, the warp of red silk and the filling of the fine Cashmere goat's wool. I fancied this one, and would have liked one, three by six feet, but the fat old proprietor told me it would take two years to make it, and I was not willing to wait that long; but it was beautiful. He had an immense variety of patterns. The price varies with the value of the materials, the highest price being for the Cashmere goat's wool. They also had lovely Cashmere shawls from 1,000 to 1,200 rupees, of beautiful patterns, as fine as I once saw at A. T. Stewart's for \$1,200. But they are not worn as much in Europe and America now as formerly. Also there were lovely plain white ones from 50 to 250 rupees, depending on size and fineness of the goat's wool; some were very ethereal and lovely in fineness and softness. We had much pleasure in seeing this establishment. There is a monument to the Empress Queen Victoria here overlooking the

temple, gardens, towers, etc. These Sikhs were very loyal to the English during the mutiny, and with the little Ghoorkas stood by them all through the war. If they had gone off and fought with the Nana, one can hardly say what would have happened, but they shed their blood as freely and fought as bravely as the white men. This was in part because of the tolerance with which the English treated them in their religious worship and because their recollection of Mahometan and native rulers of other faiths was not so pleasant. They furnish policemen as well as soldiers for England. As I said before, we saw them at Bombay and Singapore. They are great money savers, and in a few years, by economy, lay up enough to go home and live well the remainder of their days. On the whole, our visit to Lahore and Amritsar was very satisfactory, and I would recommend any one to go 300 miles to see these places.

CHAPTER VII.

We returned to Delhi to spend one more day, and then to go to Jeypore, having come down from Amritsar by night. We went out to see the Koutub Minar, eleven miles off, and the beautiful remains of the Mosque, in the court yard of which it stood. Some of the walls of the ruined Mosque have fine lacework stone carving, stolen from twenty-nine Hindoo temples 680 years ago, when this Mosque was being built. This Minar is a tower of victory 240 feet high, rising in a series of stories marked each by a balcony; it is forty-seven feet in diameter at bottom and nine at top. The view from the top is very extensive. Delhi, with all the intervening country, is spread out before you like a map. Think of what has happened here in India in the 680 years since this monument was built. It is thought that the original city of Dilli was here located; at any rate there is a continued succession of ruins of buildings, and we counted forty old Mosques on the way back to Delhi. We passed en route old Ferozabad, Indrapat, Humayun's tomb, the fine Killi Kona Mosque, Asoka's pillar, etc. I almost forgot the celebrated



THE KIRTI STUPA, DELHI.

Iron Pillar standing in the same old court as the Kontub Minar. It is thought to date A. D. 379, being the oldest iron monument extant. It is only twenty-seven feet high above ground, how much below is not known.

Our night ride to Jeypore was interrupted by an army officer who came in our compartment begging to be allowed to spread his blanket on the floor, as he could get no place elsewhere. We occupied the three berths, and he could get no other first-class place. He proved to be Lieut. Gaysford, and we saw more of him next day riding about the town and at the hotel. It must take great economy and patience for a junior officer to get money to go home for a visit, especially now when the rupee is not worth much over half its old value from the depression of silver money. We found Jeypore a very interesting place: it was built in 1728 by the Maharajah Jey Singh. For some miles we could see Tiger Fort and in front of it in large stone letters the word "*welcome*," put there for the benefit of the Prince of Wales on his visit to the city.

The place is large, has near 150,000 people, is beautifully laid out with very wide streets, and has many nice houses from two to four stories high, all painted or stained pink, the

principal streets are 111 feet in width. There is a fine park with a zoological garden, and also a large building called Albert Hall, costly and very imposing, containing a fine collection of various objects of interest for a museum, and also a Durbar Hall for receptions on grand occasions by the Rajah; it faces towards the Palace looking through an avenue which runs directly to the latter, which we visited. The palace is a modern building, considered by Edwin Arnold to be very fine; it contains a large reception hall and billiard room, into which we were shown; there were a number of skins of tigers and other wild animals which the Rajah is supposed to have killed. Near by were the stables for horses and elephants. We were interested in the school of arts, where is made a great variety of brass repoussé and silver damascene work; some of it is very handsome, and it is surprising how cheaply the inlaid silver work is sold. We saw a man at work on a shield, about fifteen inches in diameter, punching little threads of silver into the steel surface in patterns, they were very slender but produced a fine effect; it was nearly done and had taken fifteen days to make, for which was asked only 20 rupees, at present value \$5.40. The director was very obliging and spoke excellent English. I saw a small plaque of the peculiar



WINDS PALACE, JEYPORÉ.

enamel of birds and flowers on gold, for which this city is noted: it was about three inches long, one and three-fourths wide, of pure gold. I asked him the cost if a silver bottom and sides making a small box were added: he said the silver would be 8 rupees and the work $1\frac{1}{2}$ rupees, so cheap is labor of skilled men here. It seems to me Tiffany might make much money by starting a factory here, as labor is not more than one-eighth as costly as at home.

Next morning early we started for Amber, the deserted city, deserted because a priest told the Rajah it was not lucky to occupy a city more than 1,000 years. So Amber was abandoned in 1728 and Jeypore was made a city and capital in its stead. We were off early to avoid the heat. We had the previous day called on Col. Prideaux, the English resident, who is the representative of his government at this court, and whose duty it is to see that all goes well for England. There is such a person at the capital of every native prince. He has been here many years, occupies a fine mansion, and was very chatty and agreeable. He said that an Englishman had been managing the revenues lately and had legitimately increased the income £300,000. The colonel is now about to retire—going home. He showed us a

portrait of himself the Rajah had just had painted; it was done by a native and was a good likeness. The law does not allow presents of value made by the Prince to be received by the English resident. Our visit ended by a request for the use of the Maharajah's elephants for next morning. So when we came within two miles of Amber we found elephants for us to ride up to the palace, which is situated on quite a hill, we went in great state along the road and up to the palace, passing on our way many ruins of the old city. The view was very extensive, and the palace, which is kept in very fair repair, would have been very interesting if we had not seen Agra and Delhi. Still there is some charming architectural work there. In an open hall we saw blood on the marble floor where a goat had just been killed as a sacrifice to Durga or Kali, the bloodthirsty goddess. They make this sacrifice every morning. Once they sacrificed men to her. Our elephants were rather slow and I do not think them as agreeable as donkeys, but we made the four miles comfortably and were photographed on them at end of the trip.

On our return we passed many alligators in ponds sunning themselves, and on arriving at Jeypore we visited the Maharajah's college,



RIDING TO AMBER.

where 1,200 youths are receiving education. We were shown into the various rooms very politely by the head master and examined several of those who were studying English. I was very much interested in seeing how well they were learning; they read very well, distinctly and properly pronouncing the words, and when asked the meaning explained it clearly in good English. One boy repeated from memory perfectly almost all of Wordsworth's poem, "*We are Seven*." The sons of various Rajput nobles were studying by themselves and were provided with chairs instead of benches. Some students were learning Persian, but I think none Latin or Greek. I think one might spend several days or a week at Jeypore if quite at leisure as to time.

But we were off that night for Abou Road, where we arrived next day noon and at once started for Mt. Abou, seventeen miles, up hill, except the first four, which are nearly level, and over a good macadamized road, the remaining thirteen miles (we thought it seventeen, for it seemed endless) the road was constantly rising, and we were always in deep dust; it was an awful bore. The scenery would have been fair but for the desert dried-up look of the mountains: there were many trees, but most had an arid look.

Finally, after dragging along until near eight o'clock in the evening, we arrived at our hotel, and after a little wash were glad of a supper and a bed. We rose in the morning to find very good scenery, but not remarkable enough for warranting such a ride. The Jain Temples are the principal attraction here; but not until twelve o'clock noon could we be admitted. They are called the Dilwarra Temples: the oldest was built in 1032 and the other from 1197 to 1247, being fifty years in building, and costing \$9,000,000 in gold. The stone carvings are most remarkable; they were done in very curious designs, too difficult to be explained here. It was certainly unlike any of the other Hindoo temples we had seen, yet we found a similar sort of work at the Jain Temple at Ahmedabad; there were not the great figures of Hindoo deities found in Southern India, but small figures of elephants, and other figures and flowers and varied tracery most peculiar and interesting. The temples are not large, but all around a court are cloisters, in each of which is a small enclosure, open in front, with a bust or figure of Parswanatha, the saint to whom the temple is dedicated; they seemed all alike, a sitting figure; there must have been sixty of them in each temple; then there was a shrine in the center, and in the roof raised figures of this marble



ENTRANCE TO JAIN TEMPLE.

carving of which I have spoken. As I have said, the temples are not large but very interesting. There are several other temples around within two miles, but these are the most important and peculiar. But I hardly think it pays to come so far though, to see them, unless one has plenty of time, more especially as the Jain Temple of Ahmedabad is very similar in style, carving, figures, saints, busts, etc.

There is a sanitarium for the English troops, and many people come here in summer from Bombay.

We saw two groups of monkeys among the bushes, both going and coming, which amused us much; they were evidently as much interested in us as we with them—they had very long tails, and a very old look; from the white hair surrounding their faces they looked like very respectable old colored men with grey hair and whiskers.

We had the pleasure of drinking pure water from some springs, the first since leaving Darjeeling, both going up and coming back, and also at Mt. Abu. Our return trip to the railway depot at Abu Road was much more agreeable and speedy than the ascent.

Another night's ride brought us to Ahmedabad at six o'clock in the morning. As soon

as we could get breakfast we were off to see the city. There is a great Mosque here, built in a large court; it had 260 columns, but is not remarkable for its size, and we were not specially interested in it, although Ferguson says it is one of the most beautiful Mosques in the East. Near here is the tomb of Ahmed Shah, the builder of the city, and a little further off that of a queen, and near her several tombs of parrots, cats and dogs. We saw also two old Mosques not now used and partly decayed, in which was some most remarkable tracery of stone, carved to look like lace-work; also, another one, now used as an office, very old, that has two windows of open carved work like the branches and leaves of a tree, which have secured and are worthy of great encomiums. Then the Jain Temple I have spoken of, which was restored in 1868 by a rich merchant at a cost of \$450,000, gold; it is very fine in carving and figures similar to those at Mt. Abu, besides having very rich inlaid marble pavements. From its top there was a good view of this large city of 150,000 people.

We then went to a great animal hospital; there were sick horses, cows, monkeys, goats, chickens, rabbits, dogs, insects, etc., all housed and cared for; also, on the grounds an immense dove house,



HINDOO WEDDING PROCESSION, DELHI.

where were nests for 1000 or more. They seem fond of pigeons all through India: at Jeypore, at certain hours they feed them in the center of the town in an open place, where we saw hundreds of them picking up grain. If their religion does not allow them to eat them, it did not prevent their feeding them to us. I was told that sometimes in bad seasons for the doves, very much money is spent by rich Hindoos in buying grain for them. But these and other birds are a regular nuisance, dropping their filth in all sorts of places, in houses, temples, etc., and not even respecting the white clothes of the writer.

We were off at noon for Baroda, where we arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon, and were advised at the station that an elephant fight was coming off at the Guicowar's enclosed grounds; there was no time to be wasted in getting there, and our driver rushed us right on to the entrance, crowding out the throng of foot people trying to get in. I suppose he must have cried "Make way for the Sahib" or the Howadji, as the natives speak of foreigners, for they did make way and let us pass through the gate, and we found ourselves in a large open space of several acres, six I think, at least, well enclosed with walls twelve or fifteen feet high; every fifteen or twenty feet are open-

ings, where the native keepers could, in case of need, retreat from any mad animal. We were driven right up to the Rajah's pavilion, and ran up-stairs and were pushed to the front, and soon met by a very amiable-looking gentleman, Mr. J. A. Datal, Private Secretary to His Highness the Guicowar, to whom we said we had come from America, and he seated us among the big wigs close behind the Guicowar himself, who is quite a young man, with a very strange and romantic history. His predecessor was a bad man, who, after poisoning several persons who were nearly related to him, tried to poison the British resident, whereupon the English put him out, and seeking a successor of the royal blood, found this youth at the plow, a distant scion of the family, and made him Guicowar in place of the dethroned one. He likes Europe, they say, more than Baroda. The sport going on at our entrance was wrestling; there were four or five couples brought in, stalwart fellows, but the result was generally a draw, as the weakest would be strong enough to lie flat and hold himself down on the ground; once only was there a plump lodgment on the back, and then there was great cheering. Then came buffalo bull fights; the first pair rushed at each other and struggled long, but finally one turned tail and ran,



BULLOCK CART, NEAR DELHI.

breaking through a temporary interior wooden enclosure and rushing out, followed by the other, who was punching him all the time; then there was another set, and they seemed evenly matched, butting heads together and pushing long and well. Another pair were like them, and finally, as there seemed no sign of victory on either side, ropes were attached to their hind legs and they were drawn apart and away. Then came in two rams, who fought amusingly; running back eight or ten feet, they would rush up and strike their heads with a great crash, and so repeat until they were put out. Then a pair of deer in a small wagon, drawing a man, came in, then the wooden enclosure was removed, and a great elephant came slowly in; then we saw another coming in at another great gate, the same by which we had entered at the other end of the enclosure far off, but he did not seem anxious to meet the first, but finally, by liberal punching and prodding, he was forced up to the encounter, after a few struggles and butting of the head he suddenly turned tail and ran off as fast as he could go; he tried to get out, but great timbers, which he could not break, had been put in the gateway, and the other was giving him a severe fire in the rear, punching him with his tusks, but finally the Mahouts fired off some explo-

sive, making a great and disagreeable smoke of bad odor, which drove the victor off. Then another big fellow was brought in to fight the victor, and after a long and fierce struggle he gave way like his late antagonist and ran off, rapidly followed in same manner as he had chased the other. The last victor remained the champion. Then there were eight female elephants brought in, but not to fight; they came up in a line, and were made to trumpet and scream loudly; at same time there were three big fellows outside covered with people, and high enough on a little elevation to see and be seen; so we saw fourteen of the Prince's elephants; how many more he had I do not know, but I presume many. They do nothing, but are kept only for the amusement of His Highness and his friends. Guicowar means cowherd, and it is said that was the occupation of the first of the line. Then, as it was almost sundown, His Highness left, amid the salaams of the high gentlemen around him, with whom we joined, as evidence of our having been well entertained and our high appreciation of his hospitality. We saw some boys of the royal family, very nice looking; the Guicowar and all the gentlemen were high caste, light colored and aristocratic in appearance; the boys were very prepossessing and genteel. We



GROUP OF MAHRATTAS.

felt under great obligations to the master of ceremonies, the Secretary, who so politely seated us at about the best possible place, but as he left hurriedly, had no chance to thank him. We rode to the fine new palace, which is a grand and imposing modern building, well worth a visit, but one must prepare for it by getting a ticket beforehand. The Guicowar is said to have immensely valuable jewels—I heard that one necklace was worth £250,000, say \$1,250,000. The town was rather pleasant, and would well repay one or two days' visit.

After dinner at the station restaurant, we left at ten o'clock in the evening for Bombay; waking up at 6:30 we saw a great number of high chimneys and knew we were in the cotton manufacturing suburb of the great West of India metropolis. We passed on, and running from station to station through the city, soon stopped at Church Gate, and before long found ourselves at the Esplanade Hotel, a great caravansera kept by a native, who has made an immense fortune out of it, and who cuts a great swell when he travels, we never saw him; but the house is only fair as to the table, and the rooms, though not large, are comfortable, with a bath room for each apartment, however small. We were told

the table was let out by the day to a contractor for a rupee a head, that is, for each guest; as that was never more than a half dollar and now only twenty-seven cents, it is easy to be seen why the table is not better. The same mode was adopted at the Hong Kong Hotel, only there the table was let to a Chinaman, we heard, who furnished more scanty fare.

We spent four days here very pleasantly; it is a great city of over 800,000 people of all races, religions and complexions; in riding through it I often wondered how all these people lived, but so little is required for them here that not much money is needed, to clothe them—for the mass of women, only a piece of cloth of some gaudy color, which they will wrap around their bodies and legs very adroitly so as to cover themselves; for the children, nothing; and for the men a cloth about the loins: then they need only a little rice, some vegetables, and possibly some fish as a luxury. The rich live gorgeously, ride out in fine carriages with servants behind, and are very fond of display.

We rode in a launch to the cave of Elephanta, very remarkable as a former place of worship of the Hindoos, it is dug out of hard rock; here are courts and cloisters, great images and groups of



ENTRANCE TO CAVE TEMPLE ELEPHANTA.

Vishnu and his fellow gods and goddesses. One signifies his marriage to Parvati. Many of the figures are very large and well sculptured. There is a fountain from a spring of pure water coming out of the mountain; great columns are left to support the immense weight of thousands of tons of rock and earth overhead. So great is the weight that they have had to bind the columns with iron to prevent crushing. Even now there are many Hindoos who come to worship these deities, and at some times in the year throngs come here. It is said there are many poisonous snakes, but we saw none. The trip took one and a half hours or so each way, and thus it consumed the afternoon pleasantly. We rode along through the shipping by the great Victoria Docks; there were many vessels in port of various lines of steamers, but not so many sailing ships as at Calcutta, where we saw many of the largest sailing vessels to be found anywhere, but there were only very few American ones. There was a steam yacht, the *Wadena*, belonging to a Mr. Wade, of Cleveland, O., whose father made a fortune in petroleum. The owner, with his family, met her here, they having been up the country; with them was a servant from the Green Isle; we met them at Ahmedabad at the station breakfast, and

afterwards saw them at the Jain Temple, where we were required to take off our shoes to enter. She said, "Do yez suppose I am goin' to take off me shoes to go into a haythen temple when I don't do it to go into me own church?" and she did not go in. But speaking of yachts, I am quite willing the owners may go on them; I much prefer a great ocean steamer managed by men constantly running over these routes, where, too, one has pleasant and new company, to a yacht 180 or 200 feet long and always only your own people with whom to talk. It must give them, too, a fine stirring up in a rough sea with such a ship, compared with one 450 or 500 feet long.

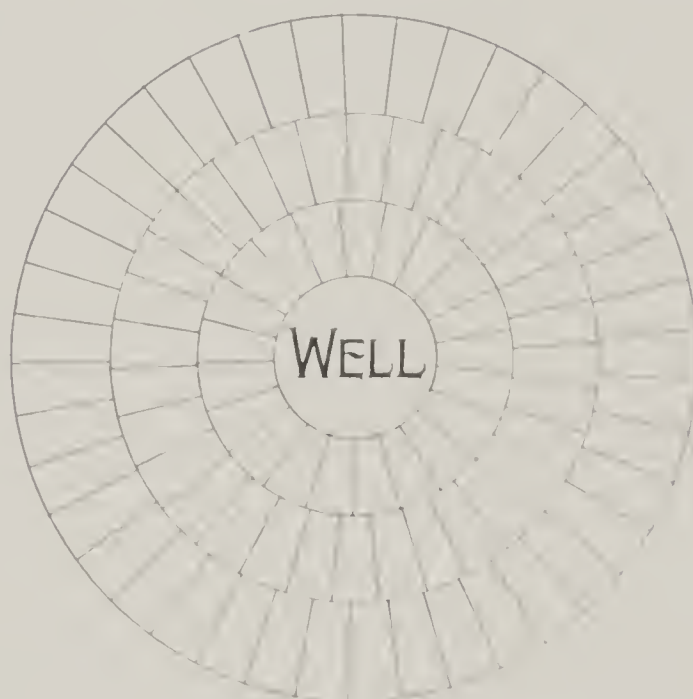
We sailed on all lines, American, Canadian Pacific, North German Lloyds, Austrian Lloyds, British India, French Messageries, P. and O. and Greek, and were fortunate in all save the small Austrian Lloyds on the Mediterranean, where we were badly crowded, four in a room and disagreeable people. The English people swear by the P. and O., and will pay fifty per cent more to go on one of them than any other, be it ever so good. We took the "Imperator," an Austrian boat, from Bombay, and found her very fast, steady, safe, and the table excellent; besides, the price was 420



TOWER OF SILENCE, BOMBAY.

rupees. while for inferior rooms on the P. and O. they asked 630 rupees.

We rode up to Malabar Hill, a high sweep of land which runs out into the sea, about three and one-half miles from our hotel, commanding a lovely view: on these hills are the water-works, and on the highest and finest point are the five Towers of Silence where the Parsees deliver their dead to the tender mercies of the vultures. We



went up a long flight of stone steps and were there met by a conductor, who took us to the top, where is a hall for services; when thus occupied, strangers are not allowed in the premises. After that the bodies are carried away from the friends, placed on an incline in one of the towers, which

has three lines of places for bodies all inclining to the center. The outside row is for men, the the next for women and the third for children; the bodies are simply laid on one of these places and left, the doors are shut, all clothing having been removed, and then the great evil-looking birds have full chance to gorge themselves on the flesh. After all flesh, etc., has been eaten off, the bones are left to decay and crumble, and by and by go into the pit through an opening left in the center, and finally, having become almost ashes, are carried off by the great rains into the sea through a sewer, the whole body having been restored to its original elements. They generally use two towers, each of which I judge must be about thirty-five to forty feet in diameter. The Parsees pay great veneration to the elements, and consider a dead body most unclean; therefore, they will not pollute fire by using it to burn the dead; neither do they wish to destroy them in water or defile the earth with them, out of respect to those elements. So they resort to this singular manner in disposing of their departed friends. The grounds are made attractive by fine trees, shrubs and flowers, and the lovely view of all Bombay and the broad ocean in front. Friends can come here and sit in a pavilion,



RAILWAY STATION, BOMBAY.

enjoy the outlook and meditate on the frailty of man and muse on their hopes of a miraculous resurrection and reunion of souls, if not bodies. The reservoir is close by and formerly was open, but citizens got the idea that it was possible the foul birds might drop pieces of the dead in it, and the suspicion only was enough to compel the covering of the whole with roofs.

There is a most remarkable railroad station here, costing \$1,500,000. It has room for eight tracks, but does not equal in point of shed room ours in St. Louis by a great deal, but the architecture of the main building for offices, dining rooms, etc., is finer and much more imposing; but then the land cost very little here, and also labor is so much less expensive, really nothing, compared to what it is with us, so it should be very fine for this sum. For use of a great system ours is the more important from its better arrangement and greater capacity. The public buildings here, court rooms, post office, government house, etc., are on a grand scale, and so in this respect Bombay has a fine appearance; it is comparatively a modern town, but well deserves a week or two for persons of leisure.

Always in the afternoon after tiffin there were jugglers who performed in front of the

hotel the various tricks of their trade, such as we see at home, and various others not done with us—the mango tree's miraculous growth, the disappearance of the child in the basket and the stabbing all over the basket, and pretending blood coming out, and finally the re-appearance of the boy uninjured, the handling of the deadly cobra snake, etc., etc. I see Heller says they are not equal to European jugglers, but it must be remembered they perform their tricks in the street in broad day, before many persons who stand close to them, with no footlights and scarcely any paraphernalia. On the whole, they are very meritorious. Onetrick I saw well done: one of them made, first, a little smoke come from his mouth, then more and more smoke, then sparks, and finally fire, ending in a perfect blaze rushing out; how he avoided burning himself, I cannot see. This one looked like a spit-fire indeed, a small volcano coming apparently from the stomach. I was assured that not all of the jugglers had removed the fangs of the cobras they handled, but that some had such confidence in their power over them that they made free with them in their natural state.

The native part of town is tolerably well built, but they live in crowded rooms, and having no need of fires, with doors always open it is not so unhealthy



PARSIS.

as such crowding would be in cold climates. Yet when the hot, damp, rainy season comes on, I fancy it must be very bad for health here, and so they told me it is.

We hear much about the fears of an invasion of India by the Russians, and some think the facilities of transportation offered by the railroads will enable Russia to conquer Afghanistan, or to win that country to their side, so she would then be ready to pour another Scythian horde over and through these mountain passes like an overwhelming avalanche again spreading over the fertile plains of India, giving these poor people another master. I, for one, do not think it will happen, nor do I think it desirable; rather, I am sure it would be a very sad disaster to India. I am sure there is yet remaining in Great Britain and Greater Britain enough courage, pluck and statesmanship to make such a result impossible, even if Russia sought it, of which there seems no proof. As a descendant of the Anglo-Saxon race, I like to see its rule, first beneficent, and thus being for the best, that it shall predominate throughout the world. Far distant is the day when Russia will conquer India: her rule, I fear, would be a retrograde movement.

CHAPTER VIII.

We left Bombay on March 1st at noon on the *Imperator*, and had a charming run to Aden; the only untoward event was a ducking I got one night from an unusually high wave coming into my port-hole, under which I was sleeping very soundly. I think about half a barrel of water was dashed over me, and I was forced to join the many other passengers in sleeping on deck. We arrived at Aden on the 6th, at eleven o'clock in the morning, where we spent the day coaling. We were at once met by a crowd of small boys—*Somalis*—in little boats, stark naked, ready to dive for small silver coins, not coppers, because I think they could not well see copper in the water; also there was a crowd of traders who came on with ostrich feathers, gazelle horns and various things to sell; these fellows are great cheats, like all these Eastern peripatetic traders, and ask much more than they expect to take; a fellow-passenger wanted some ostrich feathers, for which thirty shillings was asked, he offered ten rupees, equal now to eleven shillings, and got them, and afterwards saw the man sell the same value at half the sum he paid. They swindle in everything, and you

are not smart enough to avoid being robbed, even in giving change. The whole native people here cheat—besides, they never expect to see you again, and so there is no self-interest for future trade to keep them honest, and, of course, they are unprincipled. We got our decks quite covered with coal dust, and altogether had a very dirty time here, and were glad to get rid of the lazy blacks who passed up the coal. The contrast between coaling here and at Nagasaki was immensely in favor of the pleasant, active Japanese. Aden is a dry, barren, uninteresting place; there is quite a little town here; in order to supply it with fresh water great tanks have been built in the mountain side to catch what little rainfall there is. At last we were off, after taking besides coal, some cargo, among which was a large quantity of incense gum, such as is used in Catholic churches. It is said to be quite expensive, but they took on board, as our captain said, enough to *incense* all the churches in Europe.

We were four days on the Red Sea, passing many islands, the Twelve Apostles among them; a rugged, bad lot too, mostly, with not a spear or leaf of vegetation, dismal sand and rock. We were frequently in sight of land on one side or

the other, and sometimes on both. We came into the Gulf of Suez on the 9th, late, and run up it until at nine o'clock in the evening of the 10th we dropped anchor off the town of Suez, and soon transferred ourselves and belongings to a sail boat for a trip of two hours, tacking and sailing and tacking and sailing again and again, until about eleven o'clock we landed at the Custom House dock. We were allowed to take valises and bags, and had to leave the rest of our baggage in the hands of Arabs in the boat at the dock for the night, and so tramped off to the Hotel Orient, where we slept until 6:30, and then got coffee, bread and eggs. I don't know what the East would be for strangers without the ever-recurring chicken and the hen fruit; these and mutton comprise a large part of the menu offered travelers, but the bread here was French and excellent.

After releasing our baggage and getting it to the train, we walked about Suez; it is not much to see, in fact, nothing but the usual Eastern town, showing, however, the marks of a former prosperity before the digging and opening of the canal, when there was a large expenditure arising from the traffic across by land from Cairo by means of camels and donkeys, for passenger and fast freight to and from India;

then, too, there was much money spent here during the canal-making by employes. There is quite a number of French people here, but little money is left here now by travelers: some, like us, spend a night, but the great proportion pass right through Egypt on boats to and from India, spending only the four hours required to go through the canal on the steamer, and keeping on board and right on their course, except those who go to Cairo for a Nile trip.

At ten o'clock in the morning we were off for Cairo, passing for many miles along and in sight of the canal: we saw eleven steamers at once, as there had been a block the night before, owing to a steamer having grounded at the mouth, so our friends on the *Imperator* lay all night waiting, and we saw her among the rest. We passed the bitter lakes, so called, and sped on to Ismailya, where is a stop of twenty minutes. It is not much of a place, yet does some business, as all the *Peninsular* and *Oriental* boats stop there and land and receive passengers going to and coming from Cairo.

We were very glad that we came by the *Imperator*, for we had been half inclined to wait one day and go on the *P. and O.* boat, as we had been told she would get in first, but she was twenty-four

hours behind us, had poorer fare and worse rooms, and we would have lost our Nile trip or got it by going by rail up to Assiout.

We finally got to Zagazig, a town which has grown very largely since I was here in 1876. It is in the land of Goshen of the Bible, there have been some very fine discoveries made near here within the last few years. It was to this very place that Dr. Henry Schliemann recommended me to go and make diggings, but I could not do it without giving up all my affairs at home for a long time, and my present business for life. It turned out to be as good a point as he contemplated and might have made one's name famous among archaeologists, and I think I would have liked the work. I was surprised at the multitude of passengers we put off and took on here; it seems the Egyptians, like all the Eastern people, take kindly to railroad riding, for everywhere in Japan, India and now here we have found crowds of them filling up the third-class cars.

We were soon at Cairo, and I was surprised at the great change since 1868. There were very few buildings then near the depot, and Shepherd's Hotel was away from houses, but now a city of elegant hotels, store buildings, shops, etc., has grown up. The growth is as marvelous as that of

many of our Western towns, and there must have been a great deal of money made in real estate here. It is antique Egypt which has caused it all, for the number of visitors who come here to see the wonderful remains of the pre-Christian world is multitude. Full one half come from our country: all spend much money, for Egypt is not cheap for the traveler who goes to fashionable hotels and rides on Cooks' steamers or dahabeahs. The hotels charge \$4 gold per day, for Egypt is sound on the silver question, and you are also expected to pay for afternoon tea, and to pay extra to the servants: you are fair game for all, and with wonderful unanimity rises to the ears of each traveler the old cry Bakshish. In fact, this is a great drawback on the Nile journey, a universal nuisance.

We were fortunate enough to see the funeral procession of the late Khedive Isma'il Pasha, in whose reign the canal was made, and for whom Ismailya is named. It passed our hotel; and was composed of soldiers, foot and horse, police, various societies of Moslems, singing or chanting, of the civil employes of government, of many Greek and Armenian priests, Mahometan Mollahs and many citizens, native and foreign, besides some women closely veiled, and some boys. There

was not much order, it was rather a go-as-you-please affair, for there was no preparatory drilling possible for so mixed a gathering. The procession took two and one-half hours in passing. His body was carried on a bier borne by eight men, and the pall was of fine, light-colored silk embroidery; at one end was a small column raised two and one-half or three feet high, on top of which was placed his cap. He was turned out of power by the English and French for his extravagance, which was very great, but he introduced some good things in Egypt; he built the canal, largely by forced labor, and he sold to England his shares, which have proved so great a speculation. In going up the Nile, however, we saw many abandoned sugar houses which he had built with borrowed money and with great waste; he also built palaces not needed, and on too fine a scale for a borrower; for instance, the one now used for a museum at Gizeh and the Ghizireh, a most magnificent affair, across the river, with beautiful grounds, now used as a hotel, one of the most elegant and aristocratic in the world, but a little too far out to be popular, except for those who come to spend some time and have plenty of leisure. So when England had lent him all they thought safe, and his way of collecting revenue did not produce enough to pay the



ENGLISH CAMEL TROOP.

interest, they then turned him out and took charge of the finances themselves; it is fair to say their mode is much the best, far more equal and honest, for there is no squeezing, when the average charge of \$4.50 per acre (sometimes more and sometimes less, according to value of the soil and its situation) is collected; then the poor peasant is not in fear of plunder if he is prospering.

There have been several Pashas since him, among them was Arabi, who made the cheapest reputation for Lord Wolsely that ever anyone got for a little fight of thirty-five minutes, followed by a stampede.

It must be remembered, in thinking of Lord Wolseley, that he is the General who opposes the building of a tunnel between France and England, for fear that the valorous Gauls will come through it, and swarming out of the end at Dover, capture Great Britain, and this, too, when the English have complete control of that part of it, and could flood it in a moment, or otherwise protect themselves. In case of war, of course, it would be shut up entirely, and whenever the relations of the two countries become strained, precautions might be taken.

It seems pusillanimous to speak of such a danger.

We got off on the steamer Rameses III at 12:30, and found her a most satisfactory floating hotel; only twenty passengers for a boat some 200 feet long and calculated to accommodate seventy. Even then I think Messrs. Cook made money on the trip, for we paid \$250 gold each, and there were six more passengers returned with us, so my English friend, Mr. Stanton, and myself made investigations as to pay of officers, men and cost of food, and concluded that \$3,000 would cover all, and the receipts must have been \$5,300.

We visited the ruins of ancient Memphis and the tombs of Sakkarah on the first day, as they are only some two hours' run above Cairo. We were delighted in seeing the tomb of Thi, the several Pyramids, the great Apis Bull Mausoleum, called also the Serapeum, and the house of Mariette Bey, the Frenchman who opened up these and a vast number of other Egyptian tombs and curiosities to the world. His house is located out on the sands of the desert near the Serapeum and not far from the tomb of Thi and the Step Pyramid, so-called because it recedes upwards by a regular series of recessions like immense steps. Mariette was a great benefactor to the world, for he set the example of saving to Egypt her invaluable relics of the hoary past. There were twenty-four immense Bull

Sarcophagi, each originally containing an animal mummified, all of beautifully polished granite with inscriptions well preserved, and not defaced by the Christians who did such irreparable damage among temples and tombs. Cambyses commenced the destruction, then the early Christian monks inhabited many of the tombs and temples, sometimes trying to turn them into chapels or churches, painting pictures of saints on the walls in place of reliefs in stone of Egyptian kings or deities chiseled off. The result is hideous.

Going through so many of these ancient places, one after another, where these miserable early Christians have thus deliberately, and with great labor, cut off the faces of important figures, one becomes indignant and feels like the Quaker that said swearing would not do for him, yet on an occasion of great provocation, remarked if any other person would indulge in a little profanity that it would express his feelings. After these came the Moslem Arabs ransacking tombs for gold and silver ornaments, and burning the mummies for fuel, and also many mummy cases which would now be priceless both for their own curiosity and also for the papyri found in all those of the wealthy. Each person of high rank had buried with him a fine illustrated account of his good

deeds and testimonials to his gods; and it is from these that so much has been learned of the life the Egyptians led so many thousand years ago.

Then, these Arabs stole, for use in building and for other domestic purposes, valuable stones covered with hieroglyphics, remarkable inscriptions they did not understand, nor had these stones any charm for them until foreigners came here, and they learned that they would sell for cash. Then again, Europeans or Americans are guilty; they would offer an Arab money to cut out an inscription or remove a head or figure, and in so doing a very valuable curiosity or relic would be ruined. The Sphinx has been enormously damaged in consequence of people offering money to Arabs to break off pieces, until his face is smashed and nose gone. Then, some fool Americans and English have painted or chiseled their names on walls of temples. Yet this practice did not originate with this age, for we find Roman names at Philae in the great Temple, and Desaix had a large inscription chiseled there at the entrance on a wall of the temple to show his conquering march to and above the first cataract. Yet at Sakkarah, Beni Hassan, Luxor and Karnak, in the tombs of the kings, the temple at Medinet Abou, at Esneh, Edfou, Philae and Abydos we saw rich examples

of Egyptian art with hieroglyphic histories of their manners, religion and every-day life, and the victorious marches of their kings and great generals, for they were a fighting race, and often marched to the southward to gain spoils of gold, camels, asses, slaves and other things of value, and they loved to boast of their exploits in tombs and in temples. Then, too, they offered each year presents to the dead, and often we saw the history of these offerings inscribed on ample walls.

No one can go through the Nile Valley as we did, stopping at all the various places of interest, seeing all the ruins, and then going down to Cairo and through the very remarkable collection at Gizeh, where are to be seen wooden and stone statues, 6,000 years old, full of expression and life, and jewelry that now is beautiful in design, finish and patterns, fit examples for our modern workmen to imitate, still shining in yellow gold and fadeless enamels, in brooch, pectoral, bracelet, coronets, rings, etc., without wondering at the great perfection of the work and the skill of the artists of those ages so long ago. They were the earliest instructors of the world in art, I believe, and from them the Greeks and others received their first lessons. At Beni Hassan we saw well-defined and excellent Doric columns made long

before the Greeks had thought of erecting shafts. It may well be said that Egypt was hoary with civilization when the people of the European world were either wandering savages or at best, shepherds, living in the rudest huts.

Our voyage was uniformly pleasant; only once, and but for a few hours was it marred by the hot desert wind called the kamsin, but aside from that, the temperature was charming, just warm enough to be pleasant for our excursions back from the river to temples and tombs, and cool enough at night for blankets and closed doors to our cabins, leaving windows open for air.

We made almost every day an excursion of from one to seven miles on donkeys, to visit old ruins of temples, statues and tombs, and the disagreeable parts of these trips was the scrambling and grabbing of each of us by various donkey men and boys; sometimes two or three at once would seize a man or woman to get him or her each for his particular donkey. They came down in force for forty passengers and, as we were only twenty, as many must be disappointed as happy.

Our road generally led through fields of wheat, beans, barley and alfalfa, sometimes over canals and embankments to the desert's edge, where among the rocks and hills almost always were



CLEOPATRA, DENDEREH.

found the tombs and many of the temples; the little donkeys ambled or galloped along, the attending syces (boys usually) scolding them, giving them the most vicious licks with sticks, or twisting their tails to make them go fast; but we always came back happy for what we had seen, and then too, the exercise was healthy.

At Edfou we found one of the most remarkable temples of Egypt, 180 years were spent in its building; it has two splendid square towers or propylons in front, 112 feet high. We were here at evening, having passed through all below, we ascended to the summit of one of them and had a charming view; directly below us were the houses of the village: we could look right into their domestic affairs; the people, goats, donkeys and chickens live all together; we saw them making fires with dried buffalo manure, which is made into patties stuck on the sides of their houses and dried ready for home use or sale. We saw many women at work with this nasty stuff in India, and loads upon loads of the patties going into Delhi, Agra, etc., for sale, either on asses or camels.

But to return to our tower; away off in the west the sun was slowly dropping to the horizon; all about was green vegetation on our side

the river, which was only a half mile off; a few miles away towards the setting sun was the desert, grand, gloomy and unlovely; we sat and enjoyed the scene until the sun had disappeared and then left. We often noted how soon it became dark after sundown in the East—almost immediately—there is no twilight.

But I am not proposing to give a particular account of our Nile trip, so many books have been written on this subject, so many hundreds of Americans go each year to Egypt and returning, tell their tales, that there is nothing to say but what has been already portrayed by pen and pencil better than I can do it.

Our steamer trip ended at Aswan or Assouan, but we landed two miles below town, as the water was too low to get up to the landing. We rode up to town on camels and donkeys. Having never tried camels before, we made an experiment with them and found it not a bad mode of conveyance, much preferable to elephant riding; but on the whole, we preferred the little donkeys, except for the dust, the camel, being so high, is out of it more. They are great grumblers; they scold when they kneel to receive you, and they scold when they get up, and when being loaded they scold as the weight increases, and when they are urged on under way.



KIOSK AT PHILAE CALLED PHARAOH'S BED.

We rode on donkeys the six or seven miles up to Philae past the granite quarry, where is still lying a monolith, intended as a companion to one of the Needles, blocked out and waiting these 2,000 or more years to be taken in hand and removed. Philae is situated on an island in the Nile, and was called Holy because it was supposed Osiris was buried there. The most solemn oath of an ancient Egyptian was "By him who sleeps in Philae." Here are remains of temples of vast extent and yet possessing wondrous interest. We lunched in the ruins of a little temple called Pharaoh's bed and then took boats to sail down the river to our steamer; there was one place where men jumped in the river and rode on logs down through the rushing water or rapids and then went on shore, and walked back for backshish. It is rather dangerous I should say for a novice; I was told a foreigner tried it and was drowned. We passed rapidly and with exciting pleasure down the rapids or cataracts as they call them into the quiet water below.

We were here two or three days and had much amusement with the commerce carried on by some of our fellow passengers with the natives, especially Baron ——, of Bosnia, and Dr. Boesch and wife, of Vienna. The Baron bought enough spears, deer horns, arrows, shields, dried crocodiles,

dresses made of beads and shells strung in rows (a complete outfit for a Nubian party dress for a female, being a ceinture about twenty inches wide hanging from the stomach below the middle) to fill his ancestral halls quite full, and the Austrian was not much behind him.

Here, at our landing, we got our last view of the Southern Cross on two successive nights. I was up at one o'clock in the morning and saw it shining beautifully the first night. I informed my very good English friend, Mr. Harrison Stanton, of Southampton, and he was quite glad to rise next morning and see it; but others informed the captain and he said it could not be seen, so they did not try it, much to their after regret. The captain did not know it was visible, for he had always anchored near town where the near hills had shut off the cross; but where we were, it was distinctly in sight. I was glad once more to see it; all along for weeks after we had got a few hundreds of miles below Hong Kong we saw it every night, a true Latin cross — ^{**}_{*} — not so fine a constellation as the Great Bear, but very interesting and bright.

On our way down, we stopped again a day at Luxor, and then at Ballianah, at night, to go next morning to Abydos. This was the last excursion of the trip;



BISHARIN WARRIORS.

we rode seven miles through the wheat fields to the desert's edge, where has been excavated the fine temple of Abydos. The preservation of the columns has been most remarkable and there is a wonderfully valuable stele (inscription) on the wall. I should have been very sorry to miss this place. Here we lunched, and after a rest of two and a half hours, we left our ship party and rode off twelve miles on donkeys to Girgeh, the upper end of the railroad, where we took the cars for Cairo. By so doing we saved three days, and as no new places were to be visited, we lost nothing but the steamer ride down the Nile.

We arrived in Cairo next morning, the 29th of March, at seven o'clock, and spent five days there in looking over the new city and old Cairo. We went out to Heliopolis to see the Obelisk, which seems to be all that is left of the city of On, where Moses lived. On our way back we stopped to see the Virgin Mary Tree, which should be 1,900 years or more old, if the tradition was correct, and probably is fifty or sixty.

We went to see the old Coptic church in old Cairo, alleged to be on the site where Mary and Joseph hid with the infant Savior. They take you in the cellar and show two small oblong spaces in the wall, say about five feet long by three and

one-half high, quite an absurd supposition. We saw the Nilometer, the fine mosque of Mehemet Ali, the great Khedive, in the citadel. But the most interesting of all was the museum across the river at Ghizeh. Here are gathered a great wealth of old Egyptian relics. It contains 200 or more very old and valuable mummies, among them those of King Seti and Rameses II. and III., and many other monarchs from 3000 to 4700 years old. One could spend days here. We saw Brugsch Bey, who has it in charge, and who seems very much interested in his work. He is in high estimation as an Egyptologist, and I am sure fills worthily the place of chief of antiquities and museums.

CHAPTER IX.

On the morning of April 3 we set off for Port Said en route for Jerusalem, taking a little boat in the evening, and after a rather crowded passage arrived at Jaffa about eleven o'clock next morning. Our ride to Jerusalem in a railroad took away the poetry of the trip, but was more expeditious. At first we passed through pleasant country, the plains of Sharon where were green fields of wheat and fine groves of oranges, which, being in blossom, perfumed the air, and the grass was illuminated with flowers of varied colors, but after a little we came on the barren mountains of Judea and with little to interest.

Jerusalem is in the midst of these rocky hills, and it seems strange the place was selected for the site of a city. We saw the usual sights: the sepulchre, mosque of Omar, the Pool of Siloam, etc. There was an enormous crowd of pilgrims there to attend Easter services: one could not move without being hustled about, and I was timid for fear of catching small-pox, more especially as a young lady from Lockport, New York, had caught it here a few weeks before and died at Damascus.

As to the localities of historical events, I think them in the main unreliable. As to the Calvary and sepulchre, they are close together, and no mount at all; the Pool of Siloam may be genuine, but it is a dirty spring, and one must go down into a small cavern to see it. The Mount of Olives is genuine, so is the Valley of Jehosaphat and Brook Kedron. But one who believes much here has much faith, not to say credulity. On the Mount of Olives is a tall tower connected with a Russian church, from which may be had an excellent view of the Dead Sea and the Jordan, some fourteen miles away; the view is remarkable for clearness and distinctness. The Dead Sea is 3687 feet below Jerusalem and 1293 feet below the Mediterranean Sea. We went to Bethlehem and had a view of the Latin and Greek church evening services in competition. The place is very interesting, and the ride to and from it very pleasant. I suppose this to be one of the most reliable localities in the number of them named in the Gospels.

Not having time to take a tour further into the interior, we returned from here to Jaffa, and on the evening of April 7th sailed for Beyrout, where we arrived next morning, spending the day in looking about the town, which has

something like 100,000 inhabitants. We were very much pleased with the place; its location is charming, and we were told the climate was on the whole temperate and agreeable; it is made so in summer by the sea breezes and by the cool air from the snowy mountains of Lebanon, which tower up high, not very far off and which present a very beautiful sight. The sea view from most of the town is quite charming. It is here that our good Americans have founded a flourishing college. The late William E. Dodge, of New York, was especially liberal in giving money for the buildings. We went through some of the most important under the guidance of Professor Nicely; from his room on the third floor, we had a delightful view of sea and land. The college stands on quite an elevated position, so our sweep of vision was very extensive, reaching far out on the Mediterranean and away up the Lebanon range. We met the President, Mr. Bliss, who was very pleasant. I am sure the college is of great usefulness; it has trained and is training many young men in American habits of thought and is sowing seed which, in time, will bear good fruit. It is said one of the great aids in the overthrow of the Turkish rule in Bulgaria was Robert College, in Constantinople, which is an institution wholly

American, like this. Here at Beyrout a similar work is going on under charge of good men. The college is, I believe, independent of mission boards, and mainly self-sustaining.

We passed on to Alexandretta, arriving there on the 10th, and from there we went to Mersyna, where we saw a sample of Turkish rule. A fellow American landed to go to Tarsus for a visit to a college classmate; the young man might have got off without trouble by paying the custom man fifty cents, but he was not up to that, and they took all books and writing out of his trunks to keep until his return. The officers are generally for sale. Near here is the ancient city of Soli, destroyed in 79 B. C., but there remain twenty-eight fine Corinthian columns which have stood here 2000 and more years and seem likely to stand many more.

We passed on, stopping at Rhodes and Chios, and finally arrived at Smyrna on the 13th. I was surprised to find this city so large in population; there are 300,000 people there, and it seems quite flourishing. From a very high hill directly overlooking the town and some hundreds of feet above it, is a splendid view of the sea and country about. On this hill, in old times, was a strong fort and castle; its ruins now

alone remain. We saw near here a small aqueduct built by the ancient Romans, and which is still carrying quite a stream of water to the city. It was the Saturday before Easter, and everybody seemed to have a lamb, gentle little animals, being led home for the sacrifice. On the following morning the number of lamb skins to be seen was great.

Having tried ships of almost all the various nations in our travels, we concluded to try a Greek one here for our voyage to Athens, and after a smooth and pleasant trip arrived at the Piræus at two o'clock on the following day twenty-two hours out. On the trip we were somewhat disgusted with the rapid acquaintance made by a married American woman with a Turkish officer. She had never seen him before, yet in a few hours had got intimate enough to be walking arm in arm up and down the deck and singing to him. I cannot say whether it suited her husband or not. I was glad there were but few passengers to see her lack of good breeding. She came from a very great city in an adjoining State.

We passed many islands long famed in story and song, and of which all the world has heard and read; it brought back many recollections. It seemed strange to stand on the rocky summit of the

Acropolis, where the remains of the Parthenon still testify to former grandeur. Then, too, the Theseum Temple and the remains of the Temple of Jupiter show what Athens must have been in its palmy days.

We found here one of Mr. Cleveland's successes, Professor Alexander, our Minister, an accomplished gentleman, who speaks ancient and modern Greek, I judge a much more suitable person for the place than his predecessor, from what I was told of the latter. So far as our experience went, we must say that all of our representatives abroad were very fit men for their positions. Mr. McIver, Consul General at Yokohama, a very able lawyer; Mr. Hunt, at Hong Kong; Mr. Penfield, at Cairo; Mr. Madden, at Smyrna, and Professor Alexander, at Athens, were all the right men in their places, and do great credit to our country.

We left Athens for Corinth, stopping at Eleusis to see the old temple and the lovely view from it, one of the most charming in Greece. At Corinth we took carriages for Acro Corinth, the citadel of the old city, which is on a hill 1886 feet above the sea. At its foot we took ponies, and on our way up had the good fortune to meet Miss Ruhamah Scidmore, author of a

book on Japan called *Jinriksha Days*, and another about Alaska: we afterward met her and her young lady companion at dinner, and with them on the following day went to Mycenæ, Tiryns and Nauplia, coming back to Corinth again, where they left for Constantinople, and we to the westward. We had been just behind them all through India. The view from the top of this hill was celebrated in history, it commands so wide an extent of sea and land. Mountains towered around us; across the strait are Parnassus and Helicon; the Isthmus of Corinth and the ship canal only a few miles off, in full view, and the valleys below us were wonderfully distinct like a carpet, with their green vegetation occasionally made bright with vividly red patches of poppies now in full blossom.

It was very interesting at Mycenæ, where Schliemann excavated and found the treasures of Atreus and the memorials of the time of Agamemnon: a few miles away at the Heraeum we stopped to see the excavations then being made for the American association, under direction of our American friend, Dr. Waldstein, who, strangely enough, is Professor of Archæology in Cambridge, England, instead of being at home in one of our great universities. He showed us some things just brought to light; this Heraeum was a temple to

Hera, and it was here that before going to Troy Agamemnon swore the Greek chiefs to stand by him to the end. The temple was very large, and stood on a platform under a great hill. The hill, in lapse of time, had covered the ruins of the temple deep with earth. The ruins here were extensive; right across the plains, which spread out below us, was Argos, and to the left was the place most ancient of all, Tiryns, with its Cyclopean walls, which Schliemann also unearthed.

We spent the night at Nauplia, a few miles only from Mycenae, and next morning took cars for Corinth and Patras, from which place on the following day we went to Olympia, the place where for 1000 years were celebrated the games which all Greece attended, and which made, during their time, universal peace. It was curious to see the very stone on which the feet of the swift runners were placed at starting, and better yet in the beautiful museum the remains of the great works of art found there, among which and the most perfect is the Hermes of Praxiteles. The German professor, Curtius, made great excavations here, and the day before our visit, there was a great celebration on placing his bust in the museum. The temple, Treasuries, Stadion, etc., are in a great amphitheater, and the view, standing in front of the museum, is

beautiful. One of the greatest attractions in Greece is the lovely scenery; its mountains, plains, bays and seas unite with its clear atmosphere and historic recollections to make a visit very desirable and interesting.

Our trip from Patras to Brindisi took us to Corfu, where we landed, and made the circuit of the town and suburbs. We passed the palace, but did not stop, but went through the King's summer palace, two miles out, and found it very nice, but not very remarkable. There is here, also, the palace of the Empress of Austria, away up on a high hill, three or four miles off from the town, very plainly visible. It is in a very romantic situation, and commands a lovely view of the town or city of Corfu and of Epirus, opposite, with the sea in the immediate foreground below. Here she comes to spend the months when Austria does not interest her. Poor Queen, with her sad memories of Prince Rudolph, and the unfortunate taint always in her system of the insanity tendency of the Bavarian royal family, her lot is a hard one.

After spending the forenoon here, we steamed away for Brindisi, taking with us King Leopold, of Belgium, who, I suppose, had been visiting royalty here. He is a very stalwart specimen of a man, some six feet two to four inches high, and

strong and vigorous-looking. I told Charles we would dine with a King, but he gave us the slip by dining in the captain's little cabin. There was nothing remarkable in his manner. Just a very pleasant, gentlemanly carriage and appearance.

We arrived at Brindisi at ten o'clock in the evening, twenty-four hours out from Patras, and were obliged to remain two days, waiting for our steamer for Spain. There are some remains of the ancient Brundisium here, some old walls, and a very fine old column. This is now a very important place in the great route over land and sea to India, China, Australia, Japan, New Zealand. The European passengers take the steamers here, and those returning take the fast trains for England, France, etc., here also.

On the second evening, almost on expected time, the great and fine Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Paramatta* came in from Australia, and we soon got on board. At first the room given us was not agreeable, but on appealing to the head steward, who acted also as purser, he gave us a nice room close to the cabin dining-room, for which we were very grateful; the fare was good, the ship steady, and the captain very civil. We shall always speak well of the *Paramatta* and these officers. We had two English

acquaintances from the shore with us—Dr. Waller, a retired army officer, and the Rev. Dr. Blore, Canon of Canterbury Cathedral, we sat next to them at our meals and elsewhere; we got quite intimate, and Dr. Blore invited us to visit him at Canterbury, offering to “put us up” with him, but we did not find time to do so, but hope some future day we may be able to go there.

We had a charming sail to Malta, arriving on the morning of the 28th, Sunday: as the ship coaled there, we had ample time to see the city of Valetta nicely. The most interesting thing after the cathedral is the hall, where the effigies of the old knights in their armor are exhibited, that is, many of those most noted, but alas! the governor is a strict Sabbatarian and would not let us in on Sunday. We had a pleasant trip to Gibraltar, arriving there May 1st, in the evening.

We rose early to see the so-called galleries, which are caverns blasted into the rocks. There are two tiers of them and they extend two miles along in the side of the hills, with embrasures occasionally to shoot cannon out of. They are very valuable for defense.

We went to Algeciras, some fifteen miles across the water, and there took the cars for Granada, passing through an interesting coun-

try of valleys, hills and mountains, interspersed with groves of cork, oak and other trees, for a long time. We arrived at Granada in the evening, and had a long ride of two miles up to the Washington Irving Hotel, where we found everything agreeable.

The next morning the weather was simply lovely ; then the scenery was so beautiful and grand, and although the Alhambra is not made of marble like the fine Moslem buildings in India, yet for the style and the beauty of the patterns in which everything is done, it is very, very charming. Then, too, always from every part of it are beautiful views. The rich Vega spreads out below in front for miles and miles ; hills are on each side of it, and behind rises the great Sierra Nevada range covered with snow. Then all about comes in conduits as old as the Moorish time the rippling water ; it passes through the gardens and parks ; it bursts out in sparkling jets, and fills many a fountain. The jets in the *Generalife*, which is a charming palace above the Alhambra, are very varied, numerous and beautiful. It is a fascinating place.

The town, too, below has its allurements, among which are fine churches and the gypsies living inside the hills. We entered one of the houses in the rock. There were two living rooms and a bed room, and



REPOSING ROOM AFTER BATH, ALHAMBRA.

another room for pigs, all living in company most harmoniously in the hill; and there are many such. Then, too, here are the remains of Ferdinand and Isabella in the royal chapel adjoining the cathedral. We spent two days here, and if time is abundant, one might stay with pleasure two weeks.

The evening before we left there was a severe rain storm, and when we moved off on the train next morning, on looking back to the high mountains, we saw away up on the summits that snow had fallen instead of rain, for the snowy surface had much increased since the previous evening. Our route led us by Antiquerra and through a pleasant land of flowers of the most varied colors. I never saw wild ones more beautifully interspersed with the green meadows and grain. It almost seemed that the husbandman must have had an eye for the harmony of colors, and left in sowing his grain or grass such seeds as would render more lovely the landscape.

We arrived at Seville in the afternoon and soon found our way to the great cathedral. It is second only to St. Peter's in size. Its great bell tower was formerly the Giralda minaret, and is 250 feet in height. One ascends by walking up inclines. It is square and the pavement constantly

rises. It is much easier than going by steps. The various altars are grand, as is the whole cathedral. We saw many superb paintings there, and among them the Christ and St. Anthony Adoring, by Murillo, from which the St. Anthony had been cut, brought to New York, and offered for sale to Mr. Schaus, who returned it to the cathedral, much to the joy of the whole people of Seville. Our Consul said they would have given Mr. Schaus an entertainment when he was there in honor of this return if he would have accepted it. The painting is superb, and the St. Anthony is replaced so as not to show except in one particular line of light. In the hospital of La Caridad and the museum are many superb paintings by Velasquez, Murillo and Ribera well worthy a long study.

The Alcazar—*Al K̄asr*, House of Cæsar—is a most interesting building erected for a Spanish king by Moorish architects in Moorish style. It is, next to the Alhambra, the finest specimen of their architecture now extant. Besides the building there are interesting gardens attached to it.

Of course, we visited the famous cigar factory, where are employed five thousand girls and women manufacturing the popular article. It is very curious to see so many buzzing women at work. Some of them have their children there in their



ROYAL CHAPEL, GRANADA.

Tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella on left, and of Philip and Crazy Jane on right.

cradles. They seem ready to chat with all comers, but as we knew no Spanish we were none the wiser for their talk; but they seemed disposed to have a little quiet fun out of us. This factory occupies a space 600 feet square, and its product is enormous.

There is a great bull-fighting place here, and while we were here there was on Sunday a fight for benefit of the widows and children of the sailors lost on the *Reine Regenta* man-of-war, recently sunk in the Mediterranean. This is a seaport, although far inland. Ocean steamers and other sea-going craft come up the river Gaudelquiver, and quite a commerce is thus carried on. There seems to be much appearance of wealth and business, and the glimpses of the patios (open courts) of many houses, with their shrubs, fountains and flowers, were very pleasing. We found Seville very interesting indeed.

From here we went to Cordova, which is principally of interest for its mosque, now half spoiled by being turned into a church. There were originally 1,120 columns in it of various sorts of stone and marble, but the church ruined the effect by putting a choir right in the center, taking out some 200 of the pillars, and so destroying the continuity of the design. It is more remarkable for what it was than what it is.

Next to Madrid, an all-night ride, and gladly did we find ourselves in the Hotel de Paris there. But I will not endeavor to describe this city, so well known. The gallery of paintings is one of the best in Europe. There are 8,000 pictures here; Velasquez, Murillo and Ribera are paramount and in their glory. One could spend two weeks in the inspection of this gallery. We saw the palace, said to be one of the finest in Europe, but the most interesting place we visited after the paintings in the museum was the royal museum of Arms, "Armeria Real." There is none anywhere to compare with it. We were a little time after in the Tower of London, but it is immensely inferior to this; and I was assured by an English general, then with us at Madrid, that nowhere existed its equal for variety, antiquity, beauty and richness of design and workmanship. Besides, there are the associations full of interest, for many suits of armor here had belonged to royal persons and great soldiers. Besides, there are other curiosities, notably three golden Visigoth crowns.

We took a carriage and, with two very interesting fellow-countrywomen from Boston, rode to the park one evening, passing up and down to see the turnouts and the fair Spanish ladies. We

saw some very fair ones, but I think if one desires to see most of the handsome subjects of Murillo's pencil, they must be sought among the poor. We went one day to the Senate. There was the utmost order and good breeding. All were dressed in Prince Albert suits, and the body seemed highly respectable. No tobacco smoking or chewing; no one chews abroad anywhere.

We visited the Escorial, that great pile without much architectural merit, and interesting more for the tombs of the royalties than anything else. It is an immense affair in a barren, mountainous country.

From here we left, on the afternoon of the 12th of May, for Bordeaux, where we arrived next morning at ten o'clock, and were hospitably entertained by our friends. We spent some eleven days in Paris, crossing over to London on the 26th; and it is remarkable that the lovely weather we had always had on every sea was to still continue. The day before we crossed the channel it was rough, but for us it was calm and clear.

Our London experience was as usual, very agreeable. We saw the Derby, which is worth seeing for the crowd. People go to bet and to see and be seen, and there is no place superior for either.

And, finally, we took train for Southampton, and in an hour and a half walked off the cars across a dock seventy-five feet or so, and stepped on board the fine steamer *Paris*, where we found ourselves at home, with excellent food well served, and in some hours less than seven days were in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, having made our long journey with serene weather, calm seas and good health always. We were glad our last voyage was on an American ship, and trust that this line is but the beginning of a great fleet that shall illuminate every sea and harbor with the starry flag of our country.

And now that the long journey is over, and the constantly recurring series of delightful views which were wont to appear each day come no more, and that there is no more change of scene, but that I am again at home in the usual routine of life, each day being a repetition of the preceding, I recur with never-ending pleasure to the past, and the wonders of the world that I have seen. I seem sometimes, in the visions of the night or in day-dreams, to see passing before me in a misty light a panorama, in which old world scenes and histories come in review. Again, I see the smiling and friendly people of Nippon in their kimenos and broad hats, the patient and laborious workers,

their gifted and ingenious artisans, the women in their beautiful brocades of such lovely patterns. I see the shrines and tombs of Nikko, Shiba and Kyoto, and the golden dolphins of Nagoya castle, and the vast multitude who throng the busy streets of the great cities. Then come the almond-eyed Chinamen, treading so softly in their slippers that there is no warning of their approach or presence. their pagodas, junks, limping women, grotesque idols and narrow streets go by. Then the dark-eyed Malay, with his suspicious and dangerous face, which alarms one.

Now from the dark groves of palms, from cinnamon trees and flowering shrubs into the light come the Cingalese, who have kept the faith of Buddha so long and well. Then, crowding on, pass the wonderful hordes of India of all times, religions and varying dress, with brilliant suggestions of color and fanciful adornment. I see their great men of the past, the kings who fought a thousand years ago and since, with great armies, who led their men to the field with elephants and camels. I see Clive going out to the battle of Plassy with 3,000 men to fight 68,000; and then the long line of Englishmen who have ruled over India's fertile plains. Her great cities, filled with architectural wonders, file slowly by. I see the natives sitting

under the pepul tree, relating their never-ending tales, or lying lazily in the winter sun; the grand Himalayas, with their eternal snows, pass by; the Ghauts come after and then comes the sea, and India has passed.

Bombay and the Arabian Sea recede from view, and the land of Pharaoh, old Egypt, with Isis, Osiris, Anubis and the rest of that crew, are before me. I seem to see the wonderful days when Joseph ruled them. I hear the hammers of the Pyramid builders and see the stately columns rising, which for so many cycles of centuries have adorned the delta. I hear the tramp of the ancient kings, with their royal retinues, going out to battle; the thousands of horse that went forth from the 100 gates of old Thebes. I see the Rameses, Ptolemies and all the varied lines of monarchs, closing with fair Cleopatra shedding her radiant beauty on the scene. Then comes Israel's race; Abraham, the father of all; Moses, the great law-giver, with his grand mien and shining visage, bearing the Sinaitic tablets; and then the long line of kings who reigned on Salem's rocky heights. Then pass the Roman emperors, who ruled thereafter, and I see the hallowed form of the Prince of Peace, most glorious of all the sons of men, who lighted up the world with a new

charm, a light never to be extinguished. Then comes the Arab and Turkish crowd, with Mahomet at head; an unlovely race, the scourge of God or of the devil to man, who make life miserable to all but themselves, and leave a trail of blood and wailing sorrowful people behind them as they pass. But now comes in the long shining procession, Athens. Here are the Parthenon and Theseum: Pentelicon looms above us, and Hymettus honey comes from the flowers on its sides. Marathon is again the battle ground; the Eleusis temple is once more the scene of solemn mysteries; Corinth, with its Acropolis and Parnassus opposite; Mycena, Tiryns, Argos and Olympia appear before me. I see the great games once more. Again start out the swift runners and the prancing steeds, and the laurel crown, with great acclaim, is given to the victor. I see Demosthenes, with his matchless eloquence, winning the crown, and stand in admiration while Praxiteles brings forth from the marble block his world-renowned Hermes. But Greece fades away from sight, and now come the valorous Christian soldier Knights of Malta, battling for their faith and life against the infidel. What stalwart men and how well they earned a high place in the book of fame and life!

But now comes a great rock, Gibraltar, named for Gib-el-Taric, the one-eyed Moorish chief, who landed at Tarifa with great hordes of his followers from Africa, and commenced the conquest of Spain. I see the proud Spanish and Moorish kings go by with lance in air, on Arabian steeds, all bright with armor of steel, going forth to battle. I see the court of the last Moor, Boabdil, in the lovely Alhambra, with the fertile plains spreading wide before him, containing more than two millions of people, rich in manufactures, agriculture and arts. But here comes Ferdinand and lovely Isabella to receive the last castle and the last sigh of the Moor, and then their line of narrow-minded men, who ruled Spain so roughly, and who made the gloomy Escorial for a palace and tomb. Among them passes Philip, who died there a distressing and terrible death, at the last, fearing that persecution to the death was not, after all, pleasing to God. Then the vine-clad hills and plains of France come joyously by with smiling face and cheery people. Then we see London's Tower, and St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, with all England's green landscape; and with the scene comes before us, too, her glorious past, with the great crowd of brave and noble men who by word and deed have adorned their country's history.

And then the whole ends with the broad ocean and America, and my dream is over. Once more I am at home, but the pleasant memory still remains and will do so forever.



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